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INCLE and YARICO,
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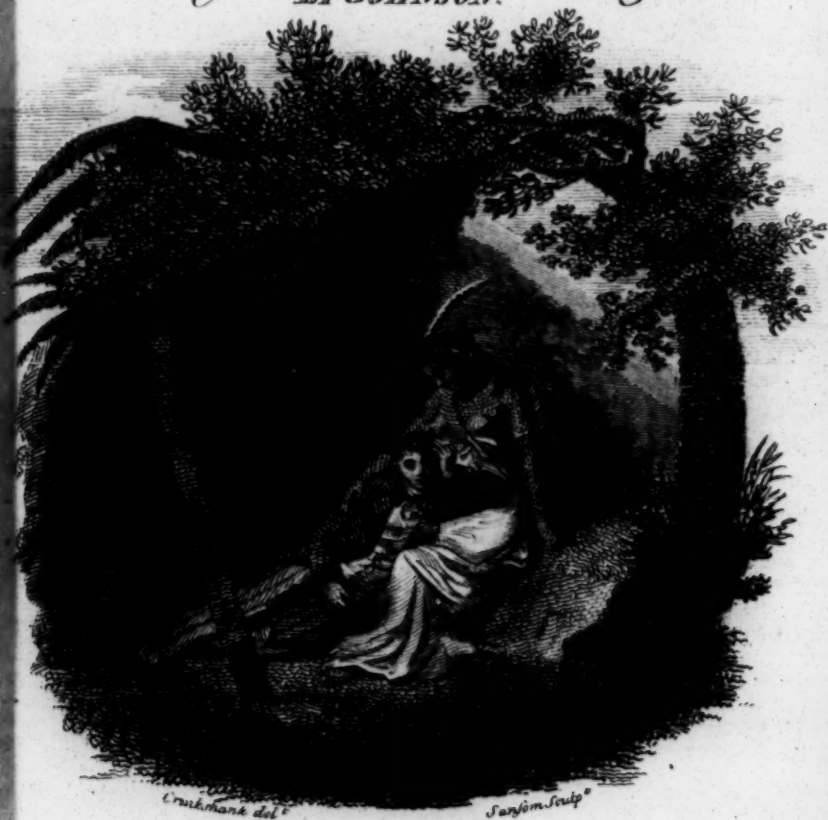
Spectator.

General Reflections
on what is called good Taste,

The Vision of Mirza, by Rollin.

Spectator

Voyage of Life an Allegory,
BY JOHNSON.



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BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS
OF PROSAIC WRITERS.

STORY OF VALMORE AND JULIA.

[GRIFFITH.]

VALMORE was descended from an ancient and reputable family in Brittany. His father was a gallant officer, who had served his king and country for the space of thirty years, without receiving any other reward for his services than a distinguished reputation for bravery, and a captain's commission—which at the end of that era he resigned, and retired to his native country, and a small patrimony which he inherited, with a beloved wife and an only child, the unfortunate hero of the present tale.

When Valmore was about ten years old, his mother died; and from that moment no other object seemed to exist on earth for Captain Valmore but his

son. To the care of his education he devoted his every thought; and when the youth had reached the age of eighteen, the fond father thought his son must be happy, because he was perfectly satisfied that his principles were noble and his heart good. He procured a commission for him from one of his former friends, in the same regiment in which he had served; equipped him properly for the service, and presented him with a hundred louis d'ors, "which" he said, "he had saved from the poor, who should, from that time be heirs to his superfluities."

About a month before young Valmore was ordered to join his regiment, in one of his morning walks he happened to see a chariot overturned by the negligence of the coachman, and heard a female voice give a loud scream. He flew to offer his assistance, and beheld a most beautiful girl, about sixteen, who had fainted from the fright and shock she had sustained. He soon released her from the carriage, caught her in his arms, and bore her to a bank before the servants who attended her could come up. A few minutes brought her to herself; and the modest confusion she expressed at finding her head leaning on the bosom of a stranger, completed the conquest which the beauties of her form and features, even in that death-like state had already begun. She expressed her gratitude in the most elegant terms; and as she had received no injury, except fright, from the accident, said, "She would accept of his arm

arm to convey her home, as the distance to her father's house was not more than a quarter of a mile." When arrived, she presented him as her deliverer to her mother, Madame de Forhele, who upon hearing his name, acknowledged an acquaintance with his family, and pressed him to pass the day with her and the lovely Julia, as Monsieur de Forhele was then absent.

From that time Valmore appeared both to himself, and to every one who saw him, a new being; an idea of happiness which he had never before conceived animated his whole frame, his eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, he scarcely touched the ground as he walked, and the sound of his voice seemed to vie, for musical sprightliness, with the morning lark.

He rose before the sun next day, in order to renew his visit, mounted his horse, and found himself at Monsieur Forhele's, long before any of the family were stirring. He rambled about the adjacent country, impatiently waiting for the rising of his bright luminary; and had again the happiness of passing the day under her benignant auspices. At this second interview he was introduced to Monsieur Forhele, who received him with civil reserve and distant courtesy; but our hero was by no means sensible of any peculiar flight from his behaviour, as he thought himself in every respect his equal.

The days now flew away on downy wings with Valmore, as none of them passed without seeing and con-

versing with his adored Julia, who now seemed to think with him, that the hand of Providence had guided him to the spot where they first met, and that they of course were destined for each other. Full of this juvenile idea, "What hinders then" said Valmore, as he walked with Julia in the gardens of Forhele, "what hinders me to avow my passion to your father, to implore his consent to our union, to our becoming the happiest pair that the blest sun can see, even in his annual course."

Before Julia could start an objection to this proposal, Monf. Forhele gave him an opportunity to try its effect, by walking towards them with a countenance full of resentment. Valmore was no physiognomist, he read no face but Julia's. He threw himself at Forhele's feet; declared the ardour of his love; and added, that he hoped his respectful tenderness had inspired his fair mistress with such a predilection in his favour, as to approve his passion.

With the most insulting coldness Monf. Forhele replied, "Your alliance, sir, would, doubtless, do me infinite honour; but I am both surprised and sorry that my daughter should have disposed of her affections without my consent, as it is not from her choice but mine she must receive a husband, and you are by no means the person I should chuse. I must therefore desire you to retire immediately, and never more repeat your visits here."

When

When Valmore returned home, the traces of the deepest despair were visible in his countenance; his father was immediately alarmed, and tenderly enquired the cause of his affliction. As soon as the unhappy youth could give utterance to his grief, he exclaimed, "O! sir, receive into your bosom the sighs of a wretch who is weary of his existence, and who is no longer worthy to live, for having wanted confidence in the best of fathers! But I will repair my fault, and avow a passion which is only rendered criminal by concealment." He then related every thing that had passed between him and Julia, and with streaming eyes implored his father to solicit Mons. Forhele's consent to their union.

The good old gentleman, though softened by his son's distresses, saw the folly of his pursuit, and commanded him in the most peremptory tone to join his regiment immediately. "There" said he "my beloved Valmore may have opportunities to render himself worthy of the amiable Julia. Love makes heroes; and if your mistress deserves your attachment, fear not that even a father's power can rob you of her heart; no force can subdue a passion founded on esteem. If she can give her affections to another, that ought to console you for her loss, by shewing her to be unworthy of you."

Our young soldier's spirits were fired by this discourse; he tenderly embraced his father, said he was
ready

ready to depart that moment, and trusted that his future conduct should never deviate from the noble sentiments with which his father's precepts and example had inspired him.

It was impossible, however, that he should set out without taking leave of Julia. He was forbid the castle of Forhele; but he found means to convey a letter to her, filled with the tenderest professions of love and ever-during constancy. In her reply, she approved his resolution; called heaven to witness, that her heart should never be bestowed on any other object, though certain that she never more should see him, as her father's cruelty must quickly end her days: and begged he would forget her, though her last sigh, she vowed, should breathe the name of Valmore.

This tender billet quickly banished all the salutary advice he had received from his father; his passion was augmented by the idea of Julia's sufferings, and to forsake her in such a situation appeared dishonourable. He instantly resolved to rescue her from her father's tyranny; and at all events to become her husband and protector through life. He wrote to her to this effect, imploring her to throw herself into his arms; adding, "that he had a rich uncle at Falaise, in Normandy, who would, he was certain, receive and cherish them both; that under his protection they would have nothing to fear from her family; that there they should
be

be indissolubly joined, and that the study of his whole life should be to render her happy.!

The moment he had sent off this letter, his heart was torn to pieces by the idea of the deceitfulness of his conduct towards his father, and of the anguish he must feel when he should discover his son's flight : but passion triumphed over filial affection ; and to avoid the painful sight of a parent whom he loved and honoured, though he disobeyed, he took leave of him, as intending to join his regiment directly. Old Valmore was pleased at his seeming impatience to become a soldier, repeated his parental admonitions, embraced and blessed him.

Our young adventurer travelled no farther than to the next village, which was about a league from the castle of Forhele, and there waited the return of his messenger with Julia's answer, which was to determine both their fates. Judge of his distraction when he read the following words :

“ It is over ! You have removed the veil that concealed your real sentiments, and from this moment I tear asunder the ties that attached me to you. The purity of my own mind made me think your's virtuous. In that idea I found an excuse for my weakness, and gave myself up to the delightful thought of being beloved by the worthiest of men : this was a consolation for all my sorrows, and I should have cherished it to my latest hour. But you have banished this illusion,
and

and in its room have shewn me a wretch, who would lead my unsuspecting fondness to shame and misery ; that would load me with the reproaches of my injured parents, and tempt me to disgrace a respectable family, by bringing infamy on myself. This, inhuman as you are, is the return you make for tenderness like mine !

“ Contemptible as you are, I still pity you ; my tears at this moment will not be restrained ; but I will dry their source, by banishing your idea from my heart.

Adieu, for ever !

JULIA.”

The instant stroke of lightning could not have had a more sudden, nor, indeed, a much more fatal effect upon Valmore. than the perusal of these lines :

The damps of death bedewed his face,
He sighed, he groaned, he fell !

The good folks of the cottage where he lodged ran to his assistance, and brought him back to misery. On the instant he wrote to his offended fair one, in the following terms :

“ The wretch who has offended Julia does not deserve to live ! nor will he longer endure a being which her contempt has rendered odious to him. But before he takes his everlasting leave of all his heart holds dear, examine his offence, and try if you have not misjudged him, and mistaken the innocent ardour of his passion for the artful plan of a seducer.

“ I

"I cannot bear the thought, nor will I attempt to excuse what you think criminal. You have withdrawn your love; my life depended on that only. The moment I receive a confirmation of that cruel sentence, my death shall rid you of a being that must be hateful to you, and in the grave, at least, I shall elude your hate. Adieu, for ever!

He had no sooner dispatched the letter, than the agitation of mind he had suffered began to operate upon his body: he was seized with a fever, and became delirious in a few hours. The tender Julia was almost as much distracted as her lover when she had read his letter; she feared the violence of his resentment at her unjust suspicions, might tempt him to destroy himself, and willingly would she have laid down her life to have saved his.

Her father and mother were at that time on a visit. What hindered her seeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewell for ever? No time was to be lost; she mounted behind his servant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horse's speed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already said, was senseless, but her loved voice soon lured his reason back, and the soft teare she shed upon his cheek dispelled the fever's rage; she gave him leave to plead his pardon as soon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden, where he should
come

come at midnight, before he set out for the army, and receive her last adieu.

Need I say that Julia's presence, as if by magic, restored the health and happiness of Valmore? He availed himself of her permission to sue his pardon at her feet on the ensuing night, and many interviews ensued; at each of which Julia became less shocked at the idea which had at first so much alarmed her prudence. To be short, she at length consented to elope, and the lovers set out accordingly for Falaise.

Valmore truly loved his mistress; his behaviour to her, therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the most respectful tenderness, which, however, could not dissipate the sorrow she felt, from the consciousness of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived at Falaise, Valmore left Julia at the inn, and flew to his uncle's house. He was received with the most cordial caresses by the old gentleman, till the impatient youth, declared the occasion of his visit, and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himself. The scene was quickly changed; instead of caresses, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion for ever from his sight.

At his return to the inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks; he was incapable of revealing the anguish of his mind by words; he threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with tears. "I know it all
(said

(said she); we are completely ruined; we have offended heaven, and deserve our punishment. I became a sharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly listened to the fatal proposal that has undone us both. —But I will not reproach you.”

The unhappy fugitives passed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct or subsistence; towards morning they retired to their separate chambers, and Valmore's exhausted spirits were refreshed by a profound slumber. It was late when he awoke, and the first object that struck his sight, was a letter that had been thrust under the door of his chamber; he took it hastily up, and read as follows:

“Return thanks to heaven, my dear Valmore, for the happy resolution with which it has inspired me. Those illusions of felicity with which we flattered ourselves are vanished, and in their room the most horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together. My flight will prevent your misery, and may in time secure my repose; at least I will bury my faults and my shame together in a cloyster. Adieu!

“Strive to forget the unhappy Julia!”

I will not pretend to describe Valmore's situation when he had read this fatal billet; suffice it to say, that it was very little short of distraction. He flew to the adjacent convents, and made fruitless enquiries for his Julia; no one could give him tidings of her.

He questioned every human creature he met on the highways if they had seen his love; and for many months continued his vain pursuit, without ever sleeping under a roof; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure squalid, so as to inspire every one who saw him with horror.

After enduring a variety of misery, and being totally devoid of the means of subsistence, he enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment which was then going to serve in Germany. During the campaign he sought death, even in the cannon's mouth, in vain; all that he wished eluded his pursuit, and he dragged on a wretched existence in despite of himself. In this deplorable state he continued almost five years, till at the conclusion of the war, the army marched into winter quarters at Frankfort.

Valmore's despair alone could withstand the joy that then universally reigned in that great city; he shunned the haunts of men, and lived in the woods alone. He happened in one of his sequestered walks to see his colonel drive by with a lady in a chariot, and he paid with fullness the usual compliment of a salute to his commander. On the instant his eyes seemed fascinated; the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkness over-shadowed his sight, and he sunk senseless to the earth.

The colonel ordered one of his servants to dismount, and take care of Valmore. When he came to himself,

he eagerly enquired who the lady was that he had seen in the chariot; and was informed, that she was a lady of *easy virtue*, whom Monf. de Farbanne, his colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, "It is impossible! dear shade, forgive the injury which for a moment my rash thoughts have done thee!"

On his return to Frankfort, the likeness between Julia and the lady he had seen, still haunted him, and he resolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her house, and desired permission to see her; she immediately supposed he brought some message from his colonel, and permitted his admission to her presence. She was alone: he gazed on her till all his doubts were passed, and then with streaming eyes addressed her thus: "Ah, Julia! have these tears flowed for thy loss so long, to find thee thus! Is this the cloyster in which you wished to bury the hapless errors of an innocent love? And didst thou leave the chaste, the tender arms of the despairing Valmore, to plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy?"

Though the change which so many years of misery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at first, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection and made her rush into his arms exclaiming aloud, "It is, it is my Valmore!" Then tearing herself from him, she threw herself on a couch, burst into tears, and turned away

her face. "Cruel Julia" said Valmore! "wouldst thou again deprive me of thy sight?"

"Yes," she replied, "I wish to fly from thee, of all mankind, because I am unworthy of thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my own esteem, as well as thine; thy contempt, my own, and that of all that know me, is my portion. Yet heaven is my witness, that when I quitted thee, I meant to consecrate my heart to God, and in a convent expiate the crime of having disobeyed my parents, for that thou knowest was then the only guilt my soul was conscious of.

"In vain did I repeatedly implore admittance at different monasteries; my dress, my youth, and even my beauty, were objections to my being received into any. I had no means of assuring them that my pension would be paid; and they seemed to consider me as a wretch that had been seduced from virtue, who might possibly carry about me the effect of my supposed crime, and disgrace their community. In consequence of these reiterated disappointments, I returned to the inn where I had left you; but you had fled from thence like an arrow in the air, and left no trace behind.

"Distracted with my grief, and not knowing whether to direct my steps, I wandered on, resolving to lie down and die, when my poor feeble limbs could not convey me farther. — That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for you, and sat me down beside a

little

little brook, hoping each sigh I drew would be my last. A chaise came driving on. I had not strength to move out of the way, though called to by the postillions. The horses stopped to water. A lady who was in the carriage gazed upon me, and became interested by my appearance; she spoke to me with kindness. I answered not but with my tears. She alighted and took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and pressed me to accept a seat in her carriage to the next inn, where she would endeavour by any means in her power to be serviceable to me.

The voice of pity soothed my breaking heart, and as well as I was able I expressed my gratitude and accepted her offer. To be short, I acquainted her with my distressful story, concealing only my name and family. She conveyed me to her house at Rouen, and treated me like a sister. But judge of my distress Valmore, when I discovered that my amiable benefactress, though she possessed all others, was deficient in the most material of all female virtues! A thousand times did I resolve to quit her; but the charms of her conversation, the gentleness of her manners, and, above all, her generosity and kindness to me, prevented me. Vice is contagious; spare my confusion, Valmore, and guess the rest."

"If you have virtue enough left," said Valmore, to blush at your unhappy situation, you surely will consent to quit it. Fly, my adorable Julia! fly from

the paths of vice! renounce these gilded trappings, these marks of infamy; repent in humble poverty, strive to atone thy crimes by patient suffering, and in thy faithful lover's arms regain thy virtue." "Heaven," said Julia, "is witness of my sincere repentance; but whither shall we fly?"

As she pronounced these words, Colonel Farbanne entered. He stood amazed at seeing Valmore, and observed that they were both dissolved in tears; then turning to him said, "What dost thou here? Begone this instant!" "Do you begone!" said Valmore, "vice is forbidden now to enter here." "What means this insolence?" replied the colonel, and raised his cane to strike at Valmore, who at that moment drew his sword, saying, "The very garb he wore, forbade his receiving the indignity he had offered, and bid him instantly defend himself." The colonel drew, and in a moment Valmore's too furious arm directed his weapon's point to his antagonist's heart, who fell dead on the instant.

Valmore was quickly seized, torn from his Julia's arms, who begged to accompany him, and thrown into a dungeon. A court-martial was immediately called, and he was sentenced to be shot on the next day. He received his sentence with firmness. The hope he felt of having recalled his beloved Julia to the paths of virtue sat smiling at his heart. He marched to execution between two ranks of his former fellow-soldiers

soldiers with a manly step and an elevated air. His eyes alone were dry.

As he approached the fatal spot, he heard a tumultuous sound. He turned his head, and saw a woman, pale and dishevelled, rushing through the croud; he heard his name pronounced by a soft dying voice, and at that instant Julia caught him in her arms. Exhausted, trembling, sighing, she expired, and sunk upon the earth never to rise again. The now distracted Valmore could not support her in his eager arms, for they were pinioned, he threw himself upon the ground beside her, and fell into strong convulsions. Insensibility succeeded these emotions; he was remanded back to prison, and ere the next day's dawn, his spirit was released from his poor suffering clay, and free to seek the kindred soul of Julia.

THE STORY OF INKLE AND YARICO.

[SPECTATOR.]

MR. THOMAS INKLE of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the good ship the *Achilles*, bound for the west Indies, on the 16th of June 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect
master

master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulse of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous

for

for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to quench his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was it seems a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him, in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and threw him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be cloathed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind and weather.

weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

GENERAL REFLECTIONS

UPON WHAT IS CALLED

GOOD TASTE.

[ROLLIN.]

TASTE, as it now falls under our consideration, that is, with reference to the reading of authors and composition, is a clear, lively, and distinct discerning of all the beauty, truth, and justness of the thoughts and expressions, which compose a discourse. It distinguishes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and suitable in different circumstances. And whilst, with a delicate, and exquisite sagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expressions most likely to please, it perceives also all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and distinguishes precisely wherein those defects consist, and how far they are removed from the strict rules of art, and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more easy to conceive than define, is less the effect of genius than judgment, and a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. It serves in composition to guide and direct the understanding. It makes use of the imagination, but without submitting to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It consults nature universally, follows

follows it step by step, and is a faithful image of it. Reserved and sparing in the midst of abundance and riches, it dispenses the beauties and graces of discourse with temper and wisdom. It never suffers itself to be dazzled with the false, how glittering a figure soever it may make. 'Tis equally offended with too much and too little. It knows precisely where it must stop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and perfect. 'Tis the want of this quality which occasions the various species of bad style; as bombast, conceit, and witticism; in which, as Quintilian says, the genius is void of judgment, and suffers itself to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quoties ingenium judicio caret, & specie boni fallitur.*

Taste, simple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways, yet so as under a thousand different forms, in prose or verse, in a declamatory or concise, sublime or simple, jocular or serious style, 'tis always the same, and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all persons of judgment. We cannot say the style of Terence, Phædrus, Sallust, Cæsar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and Horace is the same. And yet they have all, if I may be allowed the expression, a certain tincture of a common spirit, which, in that diversity of genius and style makes an affinity between

them

them and the other writers, who have not the stamp of the best age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said, that this distinguishing faculty was a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In reality all men bring the first principles of taste with them into the world, as well as those of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this, we may urge that every good orator is almost infallibly approved of by the people, and that there is no difference of taste and sentiment upon this point, as Tully observes, between the ignorant and the learned.

The case is the same with music and painting. A concert, that has all its parts well composed and well executed, both as to instruments and voices, pleases universally. But if any discord arises, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it shall displease even those who are absolutely ignorant of music. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find somewhat grating in it to their ears. And this proceeds from the taste and sense of harmony implanted in them by nature. In like manner a fine picture charms and transports a spectator, who has no idea of painting. Ask him what pleases him, and why it pleases him, and he cannot easily give an account, or specify the real reasons; but natural sentiment works almost the same effect in him as art and use in connoisseurs.

The like observation will hold good as to the taste we are here speaking of. Most men have the first prin-

ciples of it in themselves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant in a manner, for want of instruction or reflection; as they are often stifled or corrupted by a vicious education, bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the age and country.

But how depraved soever the taste may be, it is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens, that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time for a model to facilitate the application of them; we generally see, that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their former judgments, and return to the justness, and delicacy, which are the effects of a refined taste, and by degrees draw others after them into the same way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the success of certain great orators and celebrated authors, who by their natural talents have recalled these primitive ideas, and given fresh life to these seeds, which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of those, who made the best use of their reason, in their favour; and soon
after

after gained the applause of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be easy to point out amongst us the date of the good taste, which now reigns in all arts and sciences; by tracing each up to its original, we should see that a small number of men of genius have acquired the nation this glory and advantage.

Even those, who live in the politer ages, without any application to learning or study, do not fail to gain some tincture of the prevailing good taste, which has a share, without their perceiving it themselves, in their conversation, letters, and behaviour. There are few of our soldiers at present, who would not write more correctly and elegantly than Ville-Hardouin, and the other officers who lived in a ruder and more barbarous age.

From what I have said, we may conclude, that rules and precepts may be laid down for the improvement of this discerning faculty; and I cannot perceive why Quintilian, who justly sets such a value upon it, should say that it is no more to be obtained by art than the taste or smell; *Non magis arte traditur, quam gustus aut odor*; unless he meant, that some persons are so stupid, and have so little use of their judgment, as might tempt one to believe that it was in reality the gift of nature alone.

Neither do I think that Quintilian is absolutely in the right in the instance he produces, at least with re-

spect to taste. We need only imagine what passes in certain nations, in which long custom has introduced a fondness for certain odd and extravagant dishes. They readily commend good liquors, elegant food, and good cookery. They soon learn to discern the delicacy of the seasoning, when a skilful master in that way has pointed it out to them, and to prefer it to the grossness of their former diet. When I talk thus, I would not be understood to think those nations had great cause to complain for the want of knowledge and ability in what is become so fatal to us. But we may judge from hence the resemblance there is between the taste of the body and mind, and how proper the first is to describe the character of the second.

The good taste we speak of, which is that of literature, is not limited to what we call the sciences, but extends itself imperceptibly to other arts, such as architecture, painting, sculpture and music. 'Tis the same discerning faculty which introduces universally the same elegance, the same symmetry, and the same order in the disposition of the parts! which inclines us to a noble simplicity, to natural beauties, and a judicious choice of ornaments. On the other hand, the depravation of taste in arts has been always a mark and consequence of the depravation of taste in literature. The heavy, confused, and gross ornaments of the old Gothic buildings, placed usually without elegance, contrary to all good rules, and out of all true proportions, were

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the image of the writings of the authors of the same age.

The good taste of literature reaches also to public customs and the manner of living. An habit of consulting the best rules upon one subject, naturally leads to the doing it also upon others. Paulus Æmilius, whose genius was so universally extensive, having made a great feast for the entertainment of all Greece upon the conquest of Macedon, and observing that his guests looked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be expected from a soldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be surpris'd at it; for the same genius, which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper disposition of a table.

But by a strange, though frequent revolution, which is one great proof of the weakness, or rather the corruption of human understanding, this very delicacy and elegance, which the good taste of literature and eloquence usually introduces into common life, for buildings, for instance, and entertainments, coming by little and little to degenerate into excess and luxury introduces in its turn the bad taste in literature and eloquence. This Seneca informs us in a very ingenious manner, in one of his epistles, where he seems to have drawn a good description of himself, though he did not perceive it.

One of his friends had asked him, whence the alte-

ration could possibly arise which was sometimes observable in eloquence, and which carried most people into certain general faults; such as the affectation of bold and extravagant figures, metaphors struck off without measure or caution, sentences so short and abrupt, that they left people rather to guess what they meant, than conveyed a meaning.

Seneca answers this question by a common proverb among the Greeks; "As is their life, so is their discourse," *Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita.* As a private person lets us into his character by his discourse, so the reigning style is oft an image of the public manners. The heart carries the understanding away with it, and communicates its vices to it, as well as its virtues. When men strive to be distinguished from the rest of the world by novelty, and refinement in their furniture, building, and entertainments, and a studious search after every thing that is not in common use; the same taste will prevail in eloquence, and introduce novelty and irregularity there. When the mind is once accustomed to despise rules in manners, it will not follow them in style. Nothing will then go down but what strikes by its being new and glaring, extraordinary and affected. Trifling and childish thoughts will take place of such as are bold and overstrained to an excess. We shall affect a sleek and florid style, and an elocution pompous indeed, but with little more than mere sound in it.

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And this sort of faults is generally the effect of a single man's example, who, having gained reputation enough to be followed by the multitude, sets up for a master, and gives the strain to others. 'Tis thought honourable to imitate him, and his style becomes the rule and method of the public taste.

As then luxury in diet and dress is a plain indication that the manners are not under so good a regulation as they should be; so a licentiousness of style, when it becomes public and general, shews evidently a depravation and corruption of the understandings of mankind.

To remedy this evil, and reform the thoughts and expressions used in style, it will be requisite to cleanse the spring from whence they proceed. 'Tis the mind that must be cured. When that is sound and vigorous eloquence will be so too; but it becomes feeble and languid when the mind is enfeebled and enervated by pleasures and delights. In a word, it is the mind which presides, and directs, and gives motion to the whole, and all the rest follows its impressions.

He has observed elsewhere, that a style too studied and far-fetched is a mark of a little genius. He would have an orator, especially when upon a grave and serious subject, be less curious about words, and the manner of placing them, than of his matter, and the choice of his thoughts. When you see a discourse laboured and polished with so much carefulness and study, you may

may conclude, says he, that it comes from a mean capacity, that busies itself in trifles. A writer of great genius will not stand for such minute things. He thinks and speaks with more nobleness and grandeur, and we may discern, in all he says, a certain easy and natural air, which argues a man of real riches, who does not endeavour to appear so. He then compares this florid prinked eloquence to young people curled out and powdered, and continually before their glass and the toilet: *Barba et coma nitidos, de capsula totos*. Nothing great and solid can be expected from such characters. So also with orators. The discourse is in a manner the visage of the mind. If it is decked out tricked up, and painted, it is a sign there is some defect in the mind, and all is not sound within. So much finery, displayed with such art and study, is not the proper ornament of eloquence. *Non est ornamentum virile, concinnitas*.

Who would not think, upon hearing Seneca talk thus, that he was a declared enemy of bad taste, and that no one was more capable of opposing and preventing it than he? And yet it was he more than any other, that contributed to the depravation of taste, and corruption of eloquence, I shall take an occasion to speak upon this subject in another place, and shall do it the more freely, as there is cause to fear lest the bad taste for bright thoughts, and turns of expression, which is properly the character of Seneca, should

should prevail in our own age. And I question whether this be not a mark and presage of the ruin of eloquence we are threatened with, as the immoderate luxury that now reigns more than ever, and the almost general decay of good manners, are perhaps also the fatal harbingers of it,

One single person of reputation sometimes, as Seneca observes, and he himself is an instance of it, who by his eminent qualifications shall have acquired the esteem of the public, may suffice to introduce this bad taste, and corrupt style. Whilst moved by a secret ambition, a man of this character strives to distinguish himself from the rest of the orators and writers of his age, and to open a new path, where he thinks it better to march alone at the head of his new disciples, than follow at the heels of the old masters; whilst he prefers the reputation of wit to that of solidity, pursues what is bright rather than what is solid, and sets the marvellous above the natural and true; whilst he chooses rather to apply to the fancy than to the judgment, to dazzle reason than convince it, to surprise the hearer into an approbation, rather than deserve it; and by a kind of delusion and soft enchantment carry off the admiration and applauses of superficial minds (and such the multitude always are), other writers, seduced by the charms of novelty, and the hopes of a like success, will suffer themselves insensibly to be hurried down the stream and add strength to it by following it. And thus the old

old taste, though better in itself, shall give way to the new one without redress, which shall presently assume the force of a law, and draw a whole nation after it.

This should awaken the diligence of the masters in the university, to prevent and hinder, as much as in them lies, the ruin of good taste; and as they are entrusted with the public instruction of youth, they should look upon this care as an essential part of their duty. The custom, manners, and laws of the ancients have changed; they are often opposite to our way of life, and the usages that prevail amongst us; and the knowledge of them may be therefore less necessary for us. Their actions are gone and cannot return; great events have had their course, without any reason left for us to expect the like; and the revolutions of states and empires have perhaps very little relation to their present situation and wants, and therefore become of less concern to us. But good taste, which is grounded upon immutable principles, is always the same in every age; and it is the principal advantage that young persons should be taught to obtain from reading of ancient authors, who have ever been looked upon with reason as the masters, depositories, and guardians of sound eloquence and good taste. In fine, of all that may anywise contribute to the cultivating the mind, we may truly say this is the most essential part, and what ought to be preferred before all others.

This good taste is not confined to literature; it takes

in also, as we have already suggested, all arts and sciences, and branches of knowledge. It consists therefore in a certain just and exact discernment, which points out to us, in each of the sciences and branches of knowledge, whatever is most curious, beautiful, and useful, whatever is most essential, suitable, or necessary to those who apply to it; how far consequently we should carry the study of it; what ought to be removed from it; what deserves a particular application and preference before the rest. For want of this discernment, a man may fall short of the most essential part of his profession, without perceiving it: nor is the case so rare as one might imagine. An instance taken from the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon will set the matter in a clear light.

The young Cyrus, son of Cambyfes King of Persia, had long been under the tuition of a master in the art of war, who was without doubt a person of the greatest abilities and best reputation in his time. One day, as Cambyfes was discoursing with his son, he took occasion to mention his master, whom the young Prince had in great veneration, and from whom he pretended he had learnt in general whatever was necessary for the command of an army. Has your master, says Cambyfes, given you any lectures of œconomy; that is, has he taught you how to provide your troops with necessaries, to supply them with provisions, to prevent

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the distempers that are incident to them, to cure them when they are sick, to strengthen their bodies by frequent exercise, to raise emulation among them, how to make yourself obeyed, esteemed, and beloved by them? Upon all these points, answered Cyrus, and several others the King ran over to him, he had not spoke one word, and they are all new to me. And what has he taught you then? To exercise my arms, replies the young Prince, to ride, to draw the bow, to cast a spear, to form a camp, to draw the plan of a fortification, to range my troops in order of battle, to make a review, to see that they march, file off, and encamp. Cambyfes smiled, and let his son see, that he had learnt nothing of what was most essential to the making of a good officer, and an able general: and taught him far more in one conversation, which certainly deserves well to be studied by young gentlemen that are designed for the army, than his famous master had done in many years.

Every profession is liable to the same inconvenience, either from our not being sufficiently attentive to the principal end we should have in view in our applications to it, or from taking custom for our guide, and blindly following the footsteps of others, who have gone before us. There is nothing more useful than the knowledge of history. But if we rest satisfied in loading our memory with a multitude of facts of no great curiosity or importance,

importance, if we dwell only upon dates and difficulties in chronology or geography, and take no pains to get acquainted with the genius, manners, and characters of the great men we read of, we shall have learnt a great deal, and know but very little. A treatise of rhetoric may be extensive, enter into a long detail of precept, define very exactly every trope and figure, explain well their differences, and largely treat such questions as were warmly debated by the rhetoricians of old; and with all this be very like that discourse of rhetoric Tully speaks of, which was only fit to teach people not to speak at all, or not to the purpose. *Scriptit artem rhetoricam Cleanthes, sed sic, ut, si quis obmutescere concupierit, nihil aliud legere debeat.* In philosophy one might spend abundance of time in knotty and abstruse disputes, and even learn a great many fine and curious things, and at the same time neglect the essential part of the study, which is to form the judgment and direct the manners.

In a word, the most necessary qualifications, not only in the art of speaking and the sciences, but in the whole conduct of our life, is that taste, prudence, and discretion, which upon all subjects and on every occasion teaches us what we should do, and how to do it. *Illud dicere satis habeo, nihil esse, non modo in orando, sed in omni vita, prius consilio*

THE VISION OF MIRZA,

EXHIBITING

A Picture of Human Life.

[SPECTATOR.]

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing. I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

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I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius ; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat, I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature ; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies ; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery ; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the

other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many
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of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon

it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, inasmuch that

I could discover nothing in it : but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them ; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants, Are not these,

O Mirza,

O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. —I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE:

An Allegory.

[JOHNSON.]

“**L**IFE,” says Seneca, “is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.”—The perusal

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of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched

touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to flee with much care or prudence; for, by some universal insatiation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though

though he saw his comforts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected

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to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours ; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful ; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves ; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last ; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions ; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety ; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which

which Ease spreads couches of repose ; and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason indeed was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape ; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat ; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome ; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered

by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude

itude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

A LETTER FROM A SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURER IN THE LOTTERY.

[B. THORNTON.]

SIR,

YOU will not be at all surpris'd when I tell you that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000 l. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care too how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after

bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning: when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—"Pish, ONLY two thousand pounds!" However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, tho' I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing as we she wanted, and which she would now purchase, which could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success, spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper-time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence; and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels; she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings and necklaces; and once I heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning when I got up, how was I surpris'd to find my good fortune published to all the world in the news-paper! though I could not but smile (and madam was greatly pleas'd) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the newspaper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat-a-tattoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harrassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying "That my *honour* would consider them." I should

be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out 'prentice; another, lately *white-washed*, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared

not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing; and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am

Your very humble servant,

JEFFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

CHARACTERS OF CAMILLA AND FLORA.

[GREVILLE.]

CAMILLA is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive: to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing

expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all ; she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light : she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her ; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste ; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy ? does she sigh ? Every body is affected : they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla ; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company and heightens the brilliancy of courts ; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority ; and yet when she converses, she has

the

the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before : she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness ; always gentle, yet never inferior ; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward ; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty : nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority ! by this silent unassuming merit she overawes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect ; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect ? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature ! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora ! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety : in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontroled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something

thing original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined ; to know her and to love her is the same thing ; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed ; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen ; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces ; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn ; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora ! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than

than they are possessed by Flora : she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own ; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with the most lively gaiety, and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful, yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto : Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels. Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

PLEASANT SCENE OF ANGER,
AND THE
DISAPPOINTMENT OF IT.

[SPECTATOR.]

THERE came into a bookseller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air ; who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the seller to him—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you, Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked

for

for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can'st thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop? Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must: but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this? Yes, Sir. there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you be patient; the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself,





*Julia and her Father led the van,
and the rest followed.*

Vide page 63 Vol II

Cruikshank del.

Reading sculp^t

JULIA,
OR *Adventures* of a
CURATES DAUGHTER,

by *M^c Millan.*

On the **ILIAD** of Homer
On the *ODYSSEY* of Homer.

AND
on the *Beauties of Viroil &c*
by *Blair*



LONDON

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JULIA:
OR, ADVENTURES OF A
CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

[MACMILLAN.]

IF thou art a curate, O reader, and hast already *one* parish in thy possession, be contented, and seek not to have *two*. Be assured that contentment is better than to have *two livings*.

Many good people besides Shakespeare have been born upon the Avon; and one of them was the curate of the parish of Elmwood. Of a family of nine people parents and children, only he and his daughter Julia remained.

This old parson could do many things besides eat his pudding, drink his October (both which he loved affectionately), and collect his tithes;—those important qualifications which have been, from time immemorial, annexed to the office of a country curate. He carried the sciences in his head, and the arts in his heart—I mean, so far as they are connected with manners or sentiment. Besides all this, he preached an excellent sermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout: but, above all, he loved, most dearly loved, his daughter Julia.

And well did she deserve his love.—Sweet maid!
if ever I forget thee, may my fancy lose her flights,
VOL. II. 6. F and

and my pen its movements! If ever I forget the majestic elegance of the form—or the liquid blue swimming in thy eye—or the half-rose half-lilly colours glowing in thy cheek, like the streaks of the west in a July evening—Oh! if I remember not the lovely confusion o'er all thy features, when I first beheld thee in the arms of thy ravisher—may I cease to dream of thee!—If I do not Julia; mayst thou never think of me!

Such was the daughter of the curate of Elmwood—a fair form, and a pure heart!—It was nourished in the pure bosom of a father.

Though the mansion of these contented relations rose in the center of the parish, it was neither stately nor proud: like its inhabitants, it was modest, and seemed to retire into an obscure and silent glade, formed between various clumps of shrubbery, and a ridge of rising ground. At a small distance rolled the silver Avon, ever musical, now mantling over a rocky channel, and now gliding through green plains and fields covered with wild flowers.

Through these fields, and along these skirted banks, full oft did the curate and his daughter pursue their walk. In that sweet hour of the evening, when the sun seems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleasing beam o'er the landscape, then might you see them walking arm in arm, and slowly, on the Avon-side. “Julia, (he would say to his daughter) my dear Julia, you and my parish are the comforts of my life.

life. Ye all are my children—but you, Julia you are my friend. The thirsty loves not to drink, nor the weary to rest, more than I love to look upon *you*. What would become of me, Julia, wert thou gone? and when I am gone, my daughter, what will become of thee?” “I hope, father, we shall die both together,” “God grant it! God grant it!” answered the old man.

Thus, peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighbouring parish disturbed their tranquillity. The vicar of that parish died. Now, the moment our curate was informed of this, it roused one of his worst passions: he had now but one wish to be gratified in this world; and that was—to have the neighbouring vicarage in his possession. “My dear father (said the unambitious Julia), have we not competence? and does not competence afford us happiness? and is not this sufficient?”—Ay, all that was very true; but then the vicarage lay so snug—just at his own door; and he wanted to have it in his power to leave something to his Julia after his death; and, now that he was so very old, and so very gouty, what a comfortable thing it would be to have a curate under him, to perform service when he was confined at home! The thing was evidently a snug thing, and would be very convenient: besides, he knew the patron of the living—he had been his school-fellow—as good a nobleman as ever was born—he was certain of success—it

was impossible that he could not succeed—he had set his heart upon the thing—and Julia, his child, could not oppose it.

Here he was right. Julia would sooner have expired at his feet. She yielded the point with a smile.

But much remained yet to be done. The curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) got the start of his judgment. He did not consider that Lord C——, the patron of the living, resided at London, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither—for personal application is absolutely necessary in these cases: besides, the clergy, though they are continually advising their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of heaven only, have a strange trick of keeping their own eyes constantly fixed upon the good things of this earth: every moment, therefore, was important; to lose a minute was to lose the curacy; and while he was talking, some other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, no want of an assistant curate, might be posing to his Lordship in Berkeley-Square.

The old man now became greatly agitated; and that bosom which ought to have been the mansion of resignation and peace, was disturbed by restless wishes and ill-timed despair. The sympathetic soul of Julia was roused; her heart throbbed with guiltless pangs, and she felt for the griefs of her father. She tried to soothe
him,

him, but tried in vain : she argued against his wishes, but she was arguing against the follies of old age, which are incurable. The curacy was lost, and he was resolved to bewail it.

The evening came, but came not as usual ; this man of despair was unconscious of its charms. His soul was deaf to the voice of nature, even when her notes were sweetest—at the close of the day. He listened not to the carols of the hinds, nor to the rustic music of the fields : the flocks clustered in the meadows unnoticed : and the sun poured his evening glories over the landscape unregarded. Even Julia did not charm him : he saw her kneel at his side without emotion, and he heard her sighs in silence.

Here a father and a friend was lost to happiness—the only friend too she had in the world—and sorrows much less than these would have murdered the peace of Julia. She had already knelt by the side of her father : she now clasped his hand closely in her own, and fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuse her one request—“ What was that ? ”—To permit *her* to go to London, in quest of the curacy.

Electricity could not touch him quicker. The voice of Julia was pathetic, and it awakened him. His affections returned in an instant ; he leaned over his daughter, and gave her to understand that it was impossible to grant her request ; that he would not part with her

for a bishoprick, and that she must not think to part with him. She replied; he answered; and she re-answered: in short, the contest was long, stubborn, and eloquent; and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with nature, a richer quality. Suffice it to say, that Julia conquered; and she obtained with great difficulty what she called the honourable office of being her father's messenger.

It has been observed already, that dispatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be lost, it was agreed upon that she should set off the next morning. The Warwick stage passed thro' the neighbouring market-town, and she might walk thither to meet it. The old man retired to get ready his letters, and Julia to make her little preparations for her journey.

How they slept, themselves know best; but when the morning came, the curate's opinions were entirely changed. "He had thought better upon the subject, and he was resolved not to let her go. The roads were dangerous, and London was still more so—besides, she might turn sick—or the coach might be overturned—the might be killed—and he would never see her more." Julia knew that these fears were only the tender workings of timid nature, and she opposed them. In short, the contest was renewed with its former warmth; and the affection of the daughter triumphed once more over the tenderness of the father. He consented again to
let

let her go, on condition that Joe (his labourer, his gardener, his footman, his hostler, his everything) should attend her with his friendly care—should be the companion of her journey,

Now this Joe was the awkwardest mortal—Never, sure, did a more simple squire page it at the heels of a fair lady. Neither the Sancho of Don Quixotte, nor the Pedrillo of Rosalva, were more arrant children of nature—were guided by more native simplicity. He and his occupations seemed made for each other, so exactly were they respectively fitted. He was never famous but for two things; viz. for whistling, after his team, the loudest and most musical notes of any in the whole village—and for knitting stockings; this was all the reputation he had in the world; and he was now going to set out for London (where he had never been) in high expectation of seeing fine things and fine folks, but without any idea of receiving treatment different from what he met with in the parish of Elmwood.

Now, reader, stop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey; and then confess that they were highly worthy of the politic heads which gave them birth. A village-virgin, attended by a village-boor—both equally accustomed to travelling, and the bustle of an English turnpike road—both equally skilled in the knowledge of men and of their characters—are setting out for London—for *London*, I say—in quest of a curacy! The thing was worthy of a village-curate

curate. The descent of Eneas into Hell was, in comparison of this, walking upon carpets.

*Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum——*

Our travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles distant. Without palfrey, armour, or other retinue than the children of the neighbourhood (who regarded Julia as the good and fair genius of the village) the cavalcade set out. Julia and her father led the van, and the rest followed. Joe, as if conscious that he was entering upon a service of danger, assumed a stately port and a more august visage; and with a clean shirt in his left pocket, much good bacon and cheese in his right, and a lusty sapling in his hand, he towered majestic forward in the midst of the children, with stern aspect and long strides.

The company had now walked a mile, and were to part. On this trying occasion I could say much, but will not. To describe the glances of affection and the looks of love which glistened in every eye, which played in every feature, would be extremely tedious to many of my gentle readers: I shall therefore content myself with informing them, that in this difficult scene the simple heart of the curate failed him; his eyes confessed it, and he played the woman. The tender Julia caught the soft contagion; and from her it passed to the little villagers who composed her train. Joe, who
now

now saw what was passing all around him, was not willing to be singular; his eye forgot its haughtiness for a moment, and he mixed his plaintive notes in the concert of woe.—Thus they are all crying together.

But these lamentations were soon over. The curate, taking his daughter by the hand, showered blessings and advices upon her in great plenty; told her to be cautious, prudent, and expeditious; that while she took care of herself, she was serving him; and then again wishing her ten thousand blessings, bade his child adieu. The curate marched slowly back at the head of his young flock, and our two travellers set forward to the market-town with a hasty pace and high expectations.

Having now begun a journey, we must be expeditious. They arrived at the market-town, met the stage-coach, and took their respective stations—Julia in the inside, and Joe, like her guardian-angel, perched above her upon the top. Now why should I loiter to rehearse the trivial adventures of a stage-coach journey—how, always as town rose to view after town, hill after hill, and county after county, the spirits of Joe rose in proportion, and still he whistled on both loud and long, like the lark at day-break; or how, though all the silly people in the coach stared continually at Julia, the timid Julia durst not stare at them? or why should I relate the idle small-talk, the impudent regard, and the uncourtous gallantry, with which she
was

in her pocket, to refuse the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her sorrows. She might probably have an opportunity of hinting the matter to Lord C——, when she saw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon the curacy, and thus all would be right again. She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when she saw her noble friend Lord C——, she hoped to be able to repay him. “Lord C——! (says he)—what—you are going to visit him?”—“Yes, Sir.—“O—a relation, I presume, Madam?” No, Sir—only a friend: his lordship and my father were great friends when they were young, and at school.—“Ay, ay—your father, I presume, Madam, lives in the country?”—Yes, Sir; he’s curate of Elmwood, near ***** in Warwickshire. “Your visit, Ma’am, is it a visit of pleasure or business?”—Business, Sir: I am only come to town with a letter from my father to Lord C—— to solicit the curacy of *****.—“O I understand you, Ma’am. Lord C—— is my particular acquaintance, and it will give me pleasure to be your protector and your guide, till I deliver you safely and honourably to his Lordship.—Would you chuse to alight, Ma’am, at any particular place in London?”—No, (said the simple Julia) I intend to stay at the inn all night, and to wait upon his lordship in the morning.—“Ah! Madam (replied the officer), you do not know the confusion, the disgust, and danger which you will meet with at the inn: I have a mother
in

in town, who lives elegantly : be prevailed upon to be lodged this night at her house : she will receive you with chearfulness, and treat you with tenderness. May I perish, Madam—may I beg the honour to know your name, Madam ?” Julia.—May I perish, Miss Julia, but I am interested in your case as sincerely as if you was my sister !” This last proposal was better and better. To meet so good a friend at once !—She was certain her father’s prayers for her were heard ; and she thought she could not be too thankful to heaven—nor to the gentleman. She accepted his offer : and they mounted the stage-coach once more.

As the stage-coachman was at this place paid his full demands, there was nothing to be done but to roll into town, and go where they pleased. The fat woman lived in Holborn, and the coach stopt to set her down. “ Here too, Madam (said the officer to Julia), we may get out, for we are near our home.” The artful abruptness, and hurry of the summons—the consciousness of finding herself suddenly in the midst of the immense metropolis, where she already saw strange things, and expected to see still stranger—her total ignorance of every thing around her—her hopes—her expectations—all contributed to throw her mind into confusion, her spirits into a flutter : she forgot every thing—she forgot even Joe—and Joe, alas ! forgot her ; for he was exactly in the same predicament. He was

astonished: he was in a new world: his recollection forsook him, and a mist wandered over his eyes: he sat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing and seeing nothing. In this cloud Julia escaped; and she neither spoke nor looked around her, till her gallant commander led her into Lincoln's-Inn Fields.—Now when a young gentleman, with a young lady by his side, who is resolved to follow him, finds himself in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, the road to Covent-Garden lies direct: 'tis only going up Queen-street, crossing the Lane and the Acre, and you're there.—He conducted her into that well-known house situate between the gate of the Theatre and the Piazza Coffee-house. The polite inhabitants of this house received the young gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an old acquaintance, which convinced Julia that he was *quite at home*.

Now, gentle reader, while Julia and her friend are seated at a bottle of Madeira, recollect, and confess whether we have not travelled to good purpose. From the banks of the Avon—from the mansion of innocence—from the warm bosom of a father—to place our heroine on the very brink of perdition at once!—by Pegasus, it was rapidly done! Other authors, indeed, have by degrees, from adventure to adventure, from scene to scene, carried their heroines into very extreme danger; but we, fully resolved to excel all that have

ever

ever gone before us, have seated her upon the pinnacle of ruin at once.—And now, ye guardian spirits (if such spirits there be, as certain divines have told us) whether ye be sylphs, genii, or fairies—if ye have indeed any regard for innocence, and a virgin too—now open your golden eyes, and now ply your silver pinions—for innocence is in danger.—And now, thou wretched old man, thou ambitious curate of Elmwood rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers—for your daughter, your Julia, *is in a bagnio*—and without a fear!

Every thing that passed around Julia in this house appeared too plausible for her eyes to be opened, or her suspicion to be roused—(for she had never been in a tavern before: and as to the incessant tinkling of bells, and the incessant running of waiters—why, bells and servants must be in all great families, and, no doubt, must be continually employed)—The deception, I say, was good, and every thing appeared extremely well, except one thing: it puzzled her to conceive why they should be conducted into *a bed-chamber*! But perhaps (she thought) it was the fashion in London, and what was that to her?

Julia drank very sparingly, but not so her companion: he was to attempt the gaining of a difficult post, and the coward wanted spirits. It is a tribute paid to virtue, that, though it be lodged in the posses-

sion of but a frail and weak woman, its spoiler, before he attempts to ruin it, must call to his assistance foreign aid, acquire fictitious spirits, and debase himself into a brute. The second bottle began to tune the spirits of our hero: his veins swelled, his pulse quickened, his eyes glistened, and his cheek glowed: he snatched the hand of Julia, fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love: if, indeed, he loved Julia, it was with the love of a tyger.

She started from his embraces, and retreated some paces from her chair. He followed, and renewed the attack, and Julia her resistance: he grew stronger, he grew wilder: his hand was wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before), and he became furious: Julia became faint—she was yielding—her tender frame was exhausted, and she could now only shriek. A shriek was a new thing in these apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face glowing and besmeared with sweat, kicked open the door, and rushed violently into the room, with all the zeal of a man who was to assist the distressed. The officer let go his hold of Julia, and she threw herself breathless upon a chair. The man in dishabille stared at them both alternately, now at Julia, and now at the officer, and at length broke silence:

“What! force!—Why, thou damnable and silly animal

animal, what a dirty business is this you are engaged in—*forcing* a woman to your wishes!—To *force* a woman in any place is a meanness that no man of honour will stoop to—but to force one *here*—in *this* house D--mn—n! you scoundrel! get out—walk off, or I'll kick you."

We need not be surprised that the officer was mean enough to take his advice. He looked at the man in dishabille as if he had recollected something, and left the room precipitately.

"And now, my angel (said the gentleman in the boot to Julia, taking her by the hand), let us drink a glass or two, and I dare say *we* shall agree better."—Oh, Sir! (replied Julia, clasping her hands and falling on her knees before him)—have mercy on me!—pity me!—or you will kill me.—"Pshaw, my dear! I never kill *quite* upon these occasions—you will but *die* at the most.—But, child, you look d-mn'd serious upon this business—Is any thing the matter with you?"—Oh, Sir! (answered Julia, in the midst of many tears) I don't know where I am, and I don't know where to go—I am just come to town in the Warwick stage.—"In the Warwick stage!—what, through Uxbridge?" Yes.—"And was that fellow one of the company?" Yes.—"Whe—w!—And you met a highwayman, didn't you?"—Yes.—"That was me, by G-d!" Here Julia shrieked, terrified at the sound of the name; but he stopped her in good time: "You must not be

afraid (said he), for I won't hurt you. Tell me honestly, are you virtuous or not?—that is, are you a maid?"—Oh! *upon* my honour, Sir.—“How came you here then, in company with that fellow?”—When you took—when I lost all my money, he advanced some for me; and as I had no friends in London, promised to take care of me, and bring me to his mother's till to-morrow, when I could have finished all my business.—“Then you are *really* honest?”—As I love heaven and my father, Sir, I am.—“Then thou art a lovely girl, and 'tis pity so fine a woman *should be* honest. But I believe you, and shall be your friend—shall guard you from harm—for, by G-d! I am a man of honour! and though misfortune and my evil spirit force me sometimes to the highway, I scorn to do a mean thing, by G-d!—In the first place, as you lost your money, you shall divide this purse with me. In the next place, you are now in a house full of wh-res and scoundrels—I must leave it myself in a minute, in case that fellow should have *twigg'd* me, and I fancy you had better leave it too. Trust yourself with me, and I shall take care of you till morning.” Julia told him he could not serve her more agreeably than by carrying her to the inn where the stage and Joe were. That, he said, was more than he durst do; but he would carry her to a place equally or more secure. So saying, he returned to his room, to throw off part of his *road dress*, and adjust the rest.

If the reader has a fancy worth two-pence, he will conceive how Julia's thoughts were employed in this interval, till they were interrupted by the entrance of the highwayman, who appeared now to be a handsome and genteel young fellow. He paid the reckoning, and they departed: it was now between nine and ten in the evening.

They had not quitted the piazza, when four of Sir John Fielding's men rushed forward, and seized the highwayman with the most incredible activity. They swept him away, as the whirlwind sweeps away the leaves in autumn, and whirls them the Lord knows where. Julia ran rapidly away, nor cast one look behind. She continued to go forward (as she thought), till she had ran a great way; and then stopping for breath, she was exactly on the spot from whence she set out—she had only run *round* the garden, not suspecting but she was going forward in a straight line. “Madam! Madam! (says an Irish chairman to her) do you want a chair?” I don't know what I want. “My fait, but *I* do—you want to be carried to Mother H——'s, my jewel, which I and Connor yonder can do in five minutes.”—My good friend, if you can carry me to any honest place, I shall blefs you for ever. —“Honest *plase*!—Devil burn me, my hony, an if I know one honest *plase* in the whole town—Ha, ha, ha! —honest *plase*!—Ah, you cunning devil you!—To be sure you wont to go to an honest *plase*!—Ha, ha, ha!

ha!—Here you, Mr. Watchman—this lady wants to go to an honest *plafe*—can't you shew her the way?"

"Aye, that I can (replied the watchman)—Ah, Madam, is it you?—I know you of old—Come along, come along with me: you shall go to the honestest place in all King George's dominions—the *Round-house*."

—The watchman happened just at that time to want a pot of beer; but Julia not understanding his meaning, to the round-house he led her in triumph.—Ah, Julia! Julia, ah!

She had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of insensibility: the suddenness and horror of the last adventure were too powerful for her; her faculties lost their power, and her recollection was suspended; she was led by the watchman without seeing whither she was going, and she was dragged along without feeling that he held her by the arm. But she had not been long seated at the top of the bench, where they placed her near the fire, before she awakened from her stupor. She awakened, looked around, and saw herself seated in the midst of a horrible assembly, whose visages would make angels weep and demons tremble. High above the rest, like the Evil Spirit in Pandemonium, sat the constable of the night, a beef-headed knave, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard on a stool before him.

—"Here (said this man in office) you, snoring Dick, reach this here tankard to that there lady, and then bring her before me for examination.—Oh, she won't drink!

drink!—Well, well, that's all one—if she does not drink she'll pay ; so bring her forward here.”

Julia now advanced ; her cheeks were suffused with tears, her breath quickened, and her whole frame trembled.

“ Ay, ay (says the constable), you may well shake when you look at me.—Hem ! what account can you give of yourself, Miss ?—No, that's not it neither : I'll begin with you, I think, mister watchman—Where did you find this here lady here, snoring Dick ?”

“ Found her ! replies Dick) why, please your worship, I found her picking a gemmun's pockets.”

Picking a gemmun's pockets !—Mercy on us !—O ho, Miss, you may well shake when you look at me.—Well, Dick, go on.”

And so, Sir, as she was a-picking the gemmun's pockets, as I was a-saying, I comes close behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the fact.”

“ In the fact ?”

“ In the fact.”

“ Transportation, to be sure.—Well, go on, snoring Dick.”

“ And so, Sir, as I catches her hand, she turns about, floops down for one of her pattens, and before you could say *Perry*, hits me the nastiest blow in the skull I ever had in my life since the great riot.—You please to feel, Mister Constable, the hugeous lump it has raised on my skull.”

“ Ay,

"Ay, God blefs me! fo it is—it's a thumper, i'faith!"

"A thumper! it will ftand damages. I never had fuch a blow in my life.—I wa'ant ye it bleeds under my hair. It floundered me like a flock-fifh."

"Ay, fhe wanted to murder you."

"Yes."

"Oh, the horrid monfter!—Well, Madam, have you nothing to fay for yourefelf?—Ah, you impudent—Dick, take off her patten, that we may carry it as a witnefs before Sir John in the morning."

"Ay, that I will, Mifler Conftable; the patten will fpeak for itfelf, and a d-mn'd heavy patten it is."

Dick flooped for it, but Julia *wore no pattens*.

"Ah, the cunning devil! (continued Dick) fhe has thrown them away. I thought I heard her throw fomething away as we came along."

"Oh, let her alone! (faid the conftable)—fhe's a knowing one: but fhe fhall doll it in Bridewell to-morrow, for all that.—Ay, you may well fhake when you look at me, you bloody-minded—You may now return to your feat."

As Julia was returning to her bench, fhe trembled inceffantly, but never uttered a fyllable.—"Oh, (fays Dick) fhe's dumb-founded with the highoufnefs of her crime." "No (replies a fecond) fhe's drunk." "Not fo far gone neither (echoes a third) but a quaftern of gin would recover her."

"Ay,

“ Ay, ay, (says the constable) there’s no doubt but she’ll drink ; and it’s her turn now to send out. Please, Madam, to give this gemmun money for a gallon of Trueman’s best, and for half a gallon of hot, and for four papers of tobacco, and for a loaf, and for three pound of Cheshire.—Here, Scout ; walk over, firrah, to the lady, and make her your Sunday’s bow—Bring every thing of the best, and then we’ll drink to the lady’s health, and to poor snoring Dick’s head ; and old ugly-face in the corner yonder will sing us the comical song about the cat and the taylor, and make his wry faces, and we’ll be as happy as princes.”

When this oration was finished, Scout made his obeisance to Julia.—She was just able to ask him what he wanted ?—“ Money, Madam.”—How much must you have ?—“ Oh, you may let me have five or six shillings, and I’ll make the best market I can, and return you the rest faithfully, Madam, upon my honour !—And if that won’t be enough, I’ll return for more.”

Julia felt in her pocket for her purse (which the highwayman had given her) but she could not find it—it was gone !

On seeing this, the president bawled out immediately, that it was “ a sham !” and Julia protested in vain. The company around heard this with an arch smile ; the watchmen shook their heads, and the constable grew noisy ; which awakened an old gentleman who had hitherto slept very soundly in a corner. Estimating the
thing

thing as favourably as possible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman. The truth is, he was no other than the well-known Mr. B——, who once had three thousand a-year, though he has not now sixty; but being a man of plain manners and a generous disposition, is still well received among his relations, and strangers who know him. He had been lounging, as usual, for eight or nine hours in a coffee-house in the garden, and then withdrew, as he frequently does, to the watch-house, either to sleep or drink. On this last account, he was regarded there with some degree of respect.

He naturally enquired the cause of the noise; and the majority informed him, that it was “only a *Madam* there, who pretended she had lost her purse.” Julia now appealed to him in her turn; and, with that unaffected simplicity which ever clothes the words of innocence and truth, informed him, “that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the street; that she was positive she had her purse at that time, *because a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before*; that from that time she had only walked thither with the watchman, and now she missed her money.”

“Which watchman was it?” said the gentleman.

“Me—” replied snoring Dick boldly.

“Was it *you*? (repeated Mr. B——). Ah, Dick! you and I, you know, are old acquaintance, and it

"Is long since I have known you to be a scoundrel. Therefore, firrah, deliver the purse."

"Me! (answered Dick)—Have I the purse? I'M be d-mn'd if I have any purse about me."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"And you won't deliver?"

"No—"

"Why; then, Mr. Constable, I charge you with—"

"Except indeed (interrupts Dick eagerly) something that I picked up on the street, as I was coming along with that there lady."

"Ah, you old fox! (said the gentleman) I thought I should unkennel you. Where is this *something* which you *picked up from the street*?"

"Here it is—but it does not belong to her."

Pray, Madam (said Mr. B——, addressing Julia) is this your purse?"

"If it has a gold tassel at either end (answered Julia) it is mine, Sir, upon my honour."

It had so, was delivered to her, and Mr. B—— immediately retired back into his corner to sleep.

Julia now willingly paid all the demands made upon her; and the president observed to her, "that as to be sure as how she was a good natured lady, and civil, and all them there things, and had *given a good account* of herself, why, to be sure, she might now go about her business."

Julia thanked him, but mentioned, that she did not know whither to go till morning. "Not know! (said the constable)—why there are five hundred beds round you, where you may sleep for half-a-crown."—But she was a stranger in town, and did not chuse to venture into strange houses.

"Lord Ma'am (observed snoring Dick) for sixpence I'll conduct you to a *bagnio* where you will be as safe as if you was in the Tower."—She started at hearing a *bagnio* mentioned.—"Why then, Ma'am, if so be as you are so shy, and a'n't proud, hire me well, and I'll let you sleep in my house.—There's nobody there but my wife.—I'll seek but five shillings, and your purse can well spare that."

This proposal did not require to be repeated, Julia took him at his word. Even though he took her purse, as he was a poor man, she thought she might be safe in his house for a night. Besides, she was pleased with the thoughts of being in company with a woman once more. With Dick, therefore, she went into one of the little streets behind Long-Acre, and followed him into a three-pair-of-stairs room, humble enough, indeed, but where all was silence. Dick awakened his wife, told her the story, whispered to her to look sharp after her lodger, and left them.

Julia chatted a while with her landlady, and found her to be civil enough, for a watchman's wife. The first thing she begged of her was to be favoured with
pen,

pen, ink, and paper. She got these readily; the landlady retired to bed; and Julia wrote the following letter:

“ Ah! my dear father, shall we ever meet again?—When shall we meet?—Are you well?—Shall I ever see you? and ah! shall you ever see me?”

“ I am now—alas! I do not know where I am—nor where I have been—nor where I shall be to-morrow. I seem an out-cast from society: I have not met one friend since I left you: every one deceives me—every one insults me: they have treated me cruelly—they have broke my heart. Even Joe has forsaken me: he has deserted me, or he is lost—I know not what is become of him.

“ Ah, my father! my dear father!—that Heaven which we both serve, let that heaven bear witness, that *one* wish alone fills my whole soul—the wish to see you once more, to talk with you, to gaze upon you, to sit once more by your knee.—I would rush into your bosom: I would wet it with my tears, but I would never forsake it—never, never!

“ They are not mankind who surround me—I do not live among the human race; these are the habitations of the furies. When shall I leave them? Shall I ever quit the dreary mansion where I now write?—I tremble—Shall I never more see Elmwood?—Shall I never more fly into the bosom of my father?”

“ And oh! (continued Julia, in words half-stifled with grief) if it is possible, as my father has told me,

that dreams have any meaning, and the soul is most susceptible of these visionary impressions when it is most o'ercharged with woe—most surely this night I shall converse with my father.” She sealed these hopes with a shower of tears.

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time your fate (as it has been mine, and as it is at this moment many a nobler fellow's) to be sitting in that lofty habitation called a garret, plunged in deep distress—no two-pence in your purse, no mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly—when, throwing your eyes around the rayless walls, you are conscious that sighs and tears are the only plenty commodities about you—if this has been your case you must well know the comfort that arises from shedding your sorrows in secret—the relief that flows from a shower of solitary tears. In such a situation, next to instantaneous and absolute relief, it is the first of blessings, and Julia now felt it in all its force. Her heart was eased, and she hoped for a night of rest, and for better days. Having then sealed up her letter, she retired to a bed so humble that it kissed the very ground.

Watching and grief had given her too good an appetite for sleep not to enjoy it. Whether or not she dreamed, I cannot really inform my reader, because she never informed myself of this circumstance. This I know, that she slept nine hours incessantly, and when she awoke, found her head resting upon the partition-

wall

wall which rose at the back of her bed. It consisted only of a single file of boards, and was full of crevices. Her ear lay upon one of them, and it conveyed to her the most doleful accents that ever struggled from the human breast. She started, and applied her eye to the crevice, but every thing was solitary : she saw no one. The voice ceased. It ceased only for a moment. Again it murmurs, weeps, laments, sobs, and again it ceases. Her sympathetic soul followed it through all its variations ; and, led by a soft humanity, she mourned with the mourner through every change of his woe. She applied her eye a second time, but could see nothing. A moment after, the voice was renewed. It was now more querulous, then more plaintive, and at length died away upon her ear, as if it had expired for want of strength. She heard it no more.

For the present Julia suppressed her feelings, and arose. Snoring Dick had retired for an hour, to sleep away the fatigues of the night and of the beer-pot. His wife was at breakfast, (tea) and invited Julia to partake. She consented willingly ; and the woman, who had but one dish, politely offered it to her guest, and took for her own use a pint-pot from which her husband had been drinking beer.

This repast over, Dick awakened ; and Julia, who was during breakfast-time devising what measures to follow, proposed at first to engage him to go along with her to the inn where Joe and the stage-coach were ;

but on recollecting the dangers she had already experienced in the streets, she resolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman. She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring Joe along with him to the place where she was, Dick readily assented to this proposal for the hire of half-a-crown; which, he stipulated, should be paid him before he set off, as well as the crown for the bed. All this he received on the spot, with the letter for her father to be put into the post-office. He now departed, assuring her, that tho' she had not the name of the inn to give him, he could discover it.

The business happily adjusted, the groans in the adjoining apartment rose upon Julia's mind. She had purposely delayed her enquiries till Dick's departure, whom she knew to be unblest with humanity. His wife, by a softer temper and a more complacent behaviour, had recommended herself better to the observation of Julia, and she reserved her sympathies for her ear. Assuming, therefore, that eager and serious aspect which the face wears when we are in earnest, she enquired who were the inhabitants of the neighbouring mansion? "An old man (answered the woman) who I fancy is sometimes in distress; but we have too many wants of our own to mind any others."—Indifferent as the woman was when she said this, Julia felt herself interested, and conceived much more than was expressed,

expressed. Seeing her hostess not very fond of social woe, she suppressed her emotions, and in a short time after stole out into the stair-case. The door of the man in distress was exactly opposite to the watchman's, and she gently knocked at it. There was no answer. She knocked more loudly, but all was silence.—“Alas! (said she to herself) if your grief is past utterance, I must enter without leave.” She raised the latch, and entered.—It was a piteous sight, and worthy of the tears of those bright eyes which now shed them so plentifully. Image in your own mind, this lovely girl bending over a bed, which contained in it, stretched along under a tattered rug, a man, upon whose features heaven seemed to have poured its bitterest pangs. He was alive, but had ceased to groan, because he could groan no longer. In his arms were two children. His left was circled round one who was asleep; his right round one who was—dead. He gazed upon Julia without any emotion, and made not an effort to move even his head. He looked as if he was RESIGNATION. That great poet who suffered no scene of the soul, and no situation of nature to escape him, has almost described him. He seemed

—to pine in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

He lay like Patience on a monument

Smiling at Grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here was that feast of exquisite grief, that luxury of sensibility,

sensibility, which is fit only for those exalted souls who move in the highest departments of humanity—It was fit for Julia.

At length Julia spoke. “Poor—poor man! what can relieve you?—He shook his head—*Nothing*. Here Julia’s sympathy once more broke loose: her tears poured down incessantly. Tears are infectious. Two or three trickled down from the poor man’s eye. “May God bless you! (said he) you have shed the first tears that have been shed for me these ten years. The fountain of my sorrows is almost exhausted, but I have still a drop to mix with your’s.” “Poor—poor man! (returned Julia) what shall I do to serve you? —“O nothing! (he replied) nothing!—One of my children is dead, and the other will be so in half an hour—I am waiting for its death, and I shall then follow it.”—“Alas! (said Julia, sitting upon the bed-side) would not you have it live? Is it impossible to recover it? He answered, “I hope it is.” She then attempted to take hold of it; but he pressed it closer to his side, and would not let it go. “I pity you, (said Julia) and wish to relieve you: you and your child may still live. Suffer me to be your friend.” At this he only shook his head, and attempted to smile, as if to tell her it was impossible. However, not to be guided longer by a man who was in despair, she was resolved to administer to the woes of the wretched. She left the room, and returned to the watchman’s wife.

wife. She slightly mentioned to her where she had been, told her there was great distress, and begged of her to go out for a little wine, to be warm'd for the use of the sick. The woman (who was not destitute of much good-nature, though it was strongly seasoned with that vice so peculiar to good-natured people, indifference) readily obeyed. The wine which she brought was warmed, and carried in by Julia herself to the solitary father. She insisted that her landlady should not accompany her; from an opinion, perhaps, that this scene of sorrows was too sacred for the profane eye of the vulgar.

The man of despair (naturally enough, in his situation), refused relief; but Julia insisted on the thing, and she had shed too many tears to be refused. He desired, however, that since they *must* be relieved, the child should be relieved first. "As for you (said he, withdrawing his arm from the child which Julia was taking hold of, and turning to the one that was dead) as to you, my dear and lamented girl—my last and my best beloved—you have closed your eye upon me, and you are smiling at life in the bosom of your mother. You was weary of hearing your father's groans. You fled to invite him to follow." He now kissed it, gazed upon it, hugged it, and wept upon it; and then dried the tears off its face, as if it could be conscious of the favour.

In the mean time Julia was very busy about *her*
child,

child, but her assiduities were almost baffled. The child had opened its eyes, but it refused to open its mouth. In short, she was obliged to call to her assistance her hostess, who readily came, and between them they poured down some warm wine mixed with water in its throat. Still it was insensible; and at length it was thought prudent to carry it to the next room, to be nursed before the fire; which the hostess did.

Julia now administered to the father, and he was revived. The balmy strength of the wine recalled his expiring spirits, and warmed a heart which was almost cold. The first use he made of his new-acquired strength was to thank his benefactress, and to enquire for his child. Being informed where it was, he seemed to be satisfied. Julia soon after prepared for him a bit of bread, thin and toasted, which he eat with some difficulty. This, however, paved the way for his recovery; and in about two hours he was tolerably easy and strong. The child in the other room made a slower progress back to life, but they did not despair.

This child (a boy) having been put to bed again, the watchman's wife resumed her usual occupations; while Julia, whose gentle faculties were still attuned to softness and distress, waited upon the father, and pressed him warmly to reveal the origin and progress of his misfortunes. He shook his head at this request, and told her it would be a hard task; besides that, she
had

had already shed tears enough that day upon his account. However, he complied: and Julia, sitting upon his bed-side, her cheek leaning upon her left hand, listened to a tale of deep and desperate distress. "Behold before you (said he), starved with hunger and covered with rags, a man who has long fought for his King, and spilt for him his dearest blood—whose body is covered with wounds, in defence of that country which now leaves him as you see him! Such is the balm they have applied to my wounds!"—Though his notes were querulous, they were eloquent. But truth is always eloquent.—At present I am neither in leisure nor in the humour to repeat them; and perhaps I never shall.

When he had finished his melancholy tale, he caught hold of the hand of Julia, and pressed it to his bosom.—"This bosom was *once* warm (said he), but though it is cold, you are welcome in it. I cannot thank you; but my boy will live and do it, when I am crumbling in that grave from which you have drawn me for a moment." Julia, with that true politeness which is natural to virtuous minds, begged him to accept some money for his present necessities, and promised to visit him till it could be no longer in her power,

It was now rather more than dinner-time, but neither Dick nor Joe appeared. Julia was growing uneasy. Four o'clock struck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five—but nobody arrived—Six—seven—

ven—eight—nobody ! During these intervals she had paid frequent visits to the man in distress, and applied every lenitive she could invent to his affliction ; and she charged her hostess with great sincerity, at whatever time she went away, to be attentive to his necessities till her return, which would be both certain and quick. So he was for the present pretty well provided for.

I have said it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneasy, It was now half past eight. Still nobody !—Good heaven ! are my misfortunes never to end ?—It seems *not*, Julia : for about a quarter before nine two of Sir John Fielding's men entered, with Dick—drunk, very drunk—at their head.

Ah ! 'tis as I always thought it.—This dirty world has but few good persons in it, and these few it is continually harrassing and pestering with its evils—nor does it often cease till it breaks their hearts, Shame on it, that an innocent beautiful curate's daughter, who never prayed for the good things of this world, nor for the evil upon its inhabitants, should not be suffered to go upon an errand for her father without molestations and misfortunes ! I repeat it—Shame upon so dirty a world !

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts upon this affair may be, certain it is that Sir John Fielding's men are come in quest of Julia ; and (as one of our great poets says in one of his tragedies, which, however,

over he stiles a comedy) I'll lay you plums to pippins that you cannot conjecture their business with her.

To understand it, then, your memory must recur to the adventures of Julia with the highwayman. He had met her in the bagnio, and given her a purse with money in it, and in their departure together from thence the highwayman was apprehended. Julia fled, and was afterwards by chance conducted to the round-house—as we have before related at large. Now the highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the courageous officer of the guards, of whose heroic and military virtues we have already spoke so loudly. Just when this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of Holborn had alighted there upon the same business. When the highwayman therefore was apprehended, the first business thought necessary was to search him, and all the different purses of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman. It was agreed that he could not have spent it in so short a time: *ergo*, he must have given it away. To corroborate the suspicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the coxcomb officer confirmed it. The case was therefore plain: Julia must have the purse in her possession. Away, they sally, with the officer at their head, through streets, bagnios, taverns, and night-houses; but in vain: she was nowhere to be found. The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met Dick the watchman.

(Dick was at this time returning home to Julia without any answer or information; for instead of going on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money.) The thief-taker enquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had seen such a lady—after describing her very minutely. “Seen her (says Dick)! why, she is at my house.” This information was sufficient for the servant of Justice; he took Dick by the arm, and summoning one of his companions, set off for the lodging of Julia.

We have already seen them introduced where she was. They seized her without ceremony, and proceeded as usual, to search her. The fatal purse, so remarkable for the golden tassel at either end, was in a moment found.—This confirmed the suspicion, and she was carried away as an accomplice,—When will persecution cease to follow virtue?

Sir John was not that night at home, and they informed her that she must be imprisoned till morning. *Imprisoned!* She shrieked at the very sound.—“Pshaw! (said one of them seeing her confusion) you need not be terrified, I assure you, Ma’am: we are not going to a common prison. I have a pretty, little, snug house, and as close as a cage, where you may sleep as safely and soundly as in your own bedchamber. No difference in the world I assure you, Ma’am—only that every door and window in the house is enclosed with strong and triple iron bars. That’s all, I assure you

Ma’am:

Ma'am: and notwithstanding all these advantages, it will cost you only a *guinea* for your bed—not a farthing more, I assure you, Ma'am. I keeps the best usage, the best *tendance*, and the best wines in the *Garden*, I assure you, Ma'am!—Lord, Ma'am, then, what do you pout at? no cause to be terrified, I assure you, Ma'am!”

Eloquent as this language was, and comfortable, it did not greatly gladden the heart of Julia. But there was no choice in the case, and she followed her guides. Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where there was a fire, and good furniture. She was left alone for ten minutes; at the end of which the landlord waited upon her, and asked what she chose for supper. “Nothing.”—What did she chuse to drink, then? Nothing.” “Oho, (replied he) an’ if so be that you are so rusty, good night to you with all my heart.” He then turned upon his heels; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with a key which grated as it turned, amidst the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

Dreadful sounds to such an ear as Julia’s! Her teeth gritted, and her joints trembled. This was the severest stroke of all. To be imprisoned! and as an accomplice of a highwayman too!—“But she submitted to heaven, where all her wishes rested: her hopes leaned upon that, and upon the prayers of her father.”

She retired to bed, but could not sleep: her mis-

fortunes still interrupted, and occupied her whole soul. She tried again, but in vain: and to this purpose she recollected the lines of her favourite Young. Sleep, says he,

— Like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles: the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Her mind recurred to the scenes that were past, and reluctantly brooded over the gloomy assemblage. And in truth, when we reflect upon it, her case was rather hard. It was now only the third night since she had quitted the peaceful mansion-house of Elmwood, and the arms of her father.—The first night she was somewhere upon the road; the second she was in a bagnio, and in a round-house, and in a garret; and the third she was in prison. Each of these misfortunes was a mountain upon her mind, under which it struggled; but by the struggle it only became more feeble,

At length the soul, by its powerful and violent workings, overcame the body. Wearied with affliction, her spirits languished, and nature sunk into slumber. Sleep of this kind, though not always the most placid, is the heaviest. She slept till eight in the morning; when she awoke. At nine they paid her a visit, and she ate some breakfast; and at ten she was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to Bow-street.

Here she did not wait long for the appearance of

the Justice, for every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as necessary to the examination. Indeed, it was thought most proper to begin with questioning him apart upon the subject, and then with examining Julia; and by the comparison of their respective evidences the truth might be easily discovered.

When the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obstinacy natural to men in his desperate situation prevented him from giving any account of the purse which was missing. But now, when he was informed that Julia was really in custody, that honour which was not yet entirely extinguished in his heart, was roused for her safety. He ingenuously told Sir John the history of the purse, with even its most minute circumstances; that he had robbed her amongst the rest; that he afterward met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of restoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that she was in every respect innocent of the crime with which she was charged.

Julia was next examined, and her evidence most exactly squared with the former. Ingenuous as usual, she took up the story at Elmwood, and carried it forward to the story of the purse; and she told her little tale with that truth and simplicity which can never be counterfeited. Yet frequent attempts are made to imi-

tate these amiable virtues, and the Justice was sensible of this : he had heard mention that she had letters for Lord C——, and desired to see them. These she instantly produced to vouch for her sincerity. She added too, that there was *somewhere* in town a person who could confirm her words beyond suspicion ; but alas ! poor Joe ! she knew not where to find him. “ Joe ! (said one of the Justice’s men who stood behind Julia)—what, is your name Julia, madam ? “ Yes (replied Julia).” The man immediately ran out, and brought back in his hand the Daily Advertiser, in which he read the following advertisement :

“ If a farten young Lady, Miss Jullia (whose name
 “ is nothing to nobody, and which I doan’t men-
 “ tion here, becaise I doan’t think it proper)—sees
 “ this, this is to let you kno, Miss Jullia, that Joe
 “ dufn’t kno where you be, and that you dufn’t
 “ kno where Joe is, for he is to be found at the
 “ fine of the Swain with too Necks in Lad-lane,
 “ and no where else, as witness my hand, by me,
 “ JOE * * * * *.”

This very extraordinary advertisement is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the real paper, which I have now in my possession. Julia listened to it with attention, and confessed her feelings in her eyes, which glistered with expectation. Not contented with an aural information, she snatched the paper, and devoured the precious morsel with her own eyes. In short, the
 simplicity

simplicity of the thing spoke for itself, and Joe it was most undoubtedly.

But it may be necessary to explain this affair. I again summon the memory of my readers back to that time of our history, when Joe and Julia unluckily parted in Holborn. Joe did not look for her till the coach stopt in the inn-yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhausted. The rest of the company had been out of the coach some minutes. At length he ventured to thrust in his head—but she was not there! He started back on his heel, and gazed widely round the yard, but in vain. Opposite to him he saw the door of a public room open, and he rushed in without ceremony: From thence he sallied into the kitchen, strode into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. Wounds! he looks furious, and he is almost breathless! He marched into the stables, and in short into every place where he saw a door open to receive him—but all would not do: she was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one peep more into it, but all was solitary! “God bless my heart (said Joe to himself, fidgetting, and scratching among his auburn hair) protect and save me from all temptations and evil spirits! I wish I could see Miss Julia again.” Now, at last, he bethought him of what he ought to have done at first, viz. to question the coachman concerning the affair,

affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety. "Didn't she leave no word with you for me?" (said he to the coachman). No—"Don't you know where she went?—No.—"Don't you think she'll come here this night?"—I can't tell you upon my word.—Joe with downcast looks and folded arms measured the space across the yard with long and melancholy strides. He walked into the passage of the house, and marked the clock. He counted the hours, as they rolled slow and heavy, but he saw not his mistress. It was now ten o'clock, but no Julia came.—Alas; alas!

They are not the severest, but they are the most anxious moments the mind knows, when the possessor of it, simple, timid, and honest, feels himself far from home, and forsaken in the midst of strangers. These moments Joe now felt in all their bitterness. He went to bed without hope, and he arose in the morning in despair. He grieved incessantly, and he wished for the bosom of a friend to lean his griefs upon it. At length he disclosed his mind to the hostler, and the hostler gave him his advice. It was this: *To advertise.* Every body, he said, did it, upon every subject. "Always when he had lost a *horse*, he advertised for it; and why might not Joe do the same for Julia? It would certainly lay open the whole affair, for advertisements could do any thing."

At this time Joe stood too greatly in need of comfort,

fort, not to take any advice that was offered to him. But he thought this advice excellent. He accordingly wrote with great care the advertisement we have already repeated, and the hostler sent one of his boys with him to the Daily Advertiser.—And this is the history of this extraordinary advertisement.

When the Justice found so many circumstances spontaneously conspiring to vindicate her innocence, that her amiable simplicity subjected her to so many dangers and that she was the object rather of a polite humanity than of persecution, he resolved to interest himself in her safety. And, in the first place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct Joe to his mistress. As to the fat woman, the Justice told her that her money should be taken care of; and the highwayman was remanded to prison.

Joe arrives. I have not time to describe every thing; but my readers may be assured that the meeting between him and Julia was fully affectionate. Suffice it to say, that Julia pressed him warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and that Joe took fast hold of the skirt of her robe, as if he dreaded her running away from him once more.

The friends thus met; the Justice politely asked Julia how he could most effectually serve her? She replied, that her only business in town was to deliver her letters to Lord C——, and that if he would favour her with a guide thither, she would always remember him with
the

the most unfeigned gratitude. This she obtained; and once more acknowledging her obligations to the Justice, they all set off for Berkeley-square.

Here they soon arrived. The guide leaving them at the door, Joe immediately took off his hat, for he thought it high treason to be covered within six yards of a *Lord's* door: they knocked, but were told by the porter his Lordship was not at home, Julia said she was sorry for that, because she had *letters of importance* for him. "I can't help that (answered the porter), he's not at home; and he'll not be home—I don't know when he'll be at home."—But could not you guess Sir?—because a *great deal depends upon it.*—

"Lord, Ma'am (replied Cerberus)! I tell you I know nothing about it."—Sounds so ungentle, uttered by so rude a voice, frightened Julia effectually, and she hastened away from the door; and Joe, sorrowful enough, was preparing to follow—when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lad (said this dog in office) who is that?"

My mistress (answered Joe).

"Ay—From the country, I suppose?"

Yes (replied Joe): I come from the country too.

O—so I see—so I see.—You are not acquainted, I find, with the *ways* in this town?"

No, Sir (said Joe), not with all of them.

"Why, then—(come hither—your ear a moment) I have the honour to be Lord C——'s porter; and

my

my master has ordered me—that is, I and my master have agreed—to receive no letter here, unless the bearer gives me a crown.—However, as you and your mistress are strangers, and I am a man of honour, I'll be more merciful to you, and so consent to take only half-a-crown—But mum—fly—not a word for your life—for if my master was to hear I *take so little*, he'd turn me out of my place.”

“Sure I am, master (answered Joe) we are both very much obliged to you for being so kind.—But then what can you do for us, if so be that my Lord a'n't at home?”

“P'shaw, man! (said the porter) run after your mistress and bring the money, and I'll satisfy you about that.”

O—an' that be all (replied Joe) I can pay the money myself.

He drew out his last half-crown, and gave it. He then ran after Julia, and as he went he murmured to himself—“Icod tho' wern't that a *Lord's* house, it looks hugely like bribery and corruption.”

Our two traveller's now returned, and were received by the porter with a more gracious complaisance. He now informed them, that though his Lordship was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return to town to dinner; but that if they were in a hurry, my young Lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his father's letters in his absence,
Julia

Julia delivered her packet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the anti-chamber. The letters were sent up to the noble youth in his dressing-room.

Now, in order to prepare my readers for a very important æra in the life of my heroine, it may be necessary to relate what this noble youth was. A foolish grandmother had left him three thousand a-year independent of his father, and of his age; all which, with three thousand more, he gallantly spent like a man of spirit, long before the year was done. He used to say, that every kingdom in Europe contributed to furnish his seraglio: he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one French, one Spanish, one Italian, one Scandinavian, one German, one Irish, and one British nymph, all at one time; which he actually did. He was deep in the secret at Soho, very deep in the mysteries at Arthur's. He boasted—and he had a right to do it—that he had killed five waiters, and shot two clergymen and seven hundred sheep; which last feat he performed as follows. He was a fowler when at his father's estate in the country; and when he had been unsuccessful in pursuit of game, he always discharged his piece into the body of a sheep. As this amusement exactly hit his taste, he would sometimes re-charge, and re-discharge, till perhaps before his return home, he would leave half a dozen dead upon the field. He frequently observed, that this was an
amusement

versation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the observation of a Pagan, that he should be above those trivial pleasures, to which persons without letters, knowledge, curiosity, and taste for reading, are obliged to give themselves up.

Another kind of pleasure, still more sensible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, constituted the greatest felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom known by great persons or princes, because, generally loving only themselves, they do not deserve to have friends. However, this is the most grateful tie of human society; so that the poet Ennius says with great reason, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and those very illustrious: but I shall speak here only of Lælius, whose probity and prudence acquired him the surname of the Wise.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better suited to each other than those great men. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he signalized himself very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the superiority, in respect of eloquence, seems to have

been given to Lælius ; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and says, that Lælius's style favoured more of the ancient manner, and had something less agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himself (that is, the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the strict union which subsisted between Scipio and him. "As for me," says Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiments in respect to public affairs ; an inexhaustible fund of counsels and supports in private life ; with a tranquility and delight not to be expressed. I never gave Scipio the least offence, to my knowledge, nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please me. We had but one house, and one table at our common expence, the frugality of which was equally the taste of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were always together. I do not mention our studies, and the attention of us both always to learn something ; this was the employment of all our leisure hours, removed from the sight and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described ? What a consolation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and in whose heart we may pour out
our

our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me arose from the favourable idea of my character and manners. This friendship increased afterwards upon both sides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived great advantages from it; but those were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here; we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physcon then

reigned, the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history; They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor, and Greece; to inspect into the affairs of those countries; to inquire in what manner the treaties made with the Romans were observed; and to remedy, as far as possible, all the disorders that should come to their knowledge. They acquitted themselves with so much equity, wisdom, and ability, and did such great services to those to whom they were sent, in re-establishing order amongst them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambassadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the senate for having sent persons of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the Philosopher Panætius, with him and five domestics. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered; and

his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver.

Though, during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, despising all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory.

ROMULUS TO THE PEOPLE OF ROME,

AFTER BUILDING THE CITY.

[HOOKE.]

IF all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad; but it

is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the strongest bulwarks have been often seen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils.

But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city
after

after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.

[GOLDSMITH.]

AN alehouse-keeper near Illington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety,

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history
has

has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "*Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam.*" You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded

warded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor."

We have seen those virtues which have, while living retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illustrating it rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival

rival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymer who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street ; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea ; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn ; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring fishery.

THE CAPTIVE.

[STERNE.]

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room ; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement : I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me —

I took

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish : in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood — he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time — nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice — his children —

— But here my heart began to bleed — and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there — he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down — shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle — He gave a deep sigh — I saw the iron enter into his soul — I burst into tears — I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.





Cruikshank delin. *Barlow sculp.*
Published by J. Roach Woburn Street New Drury Theatre. Feb. 1st 1796

Roach's Beautiful Extracts of Prosaic Writers. N^o VII.

The Sorrows of Werter.

On the LOVE of LIFE,
by Goldsmith.

The Story of Miss Williams,
by Griffiths.

MARIA,
by Sterne.



L O N D O N

Printed for W. J. Roach at the Britannia Printing Office
Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal Ed^d. 1. 1796.



AN ABRIDGEMENT OF
CHARLOTTE AND WERTER.

CHAP. I.

*An Account of CHARLOTTE—Her Situation—Her
Tendernefs to her Brothers and Sisters—Death of
her Mother, &c.*

CHARLOTTE was the eldest daughter of a worthy family of diftinction in Germany, though much reduced in their circumstances, by unavoidable misfortunes. Her father died when she was very young; and her mother, who loved her husband tenderly, soon followed the dear parent of her heart to the filent grave. Finding her difsolution near, she spoke thus to Charlotte, whose filial affection never let her quit the bed-side of her dying parent.

“Charlotte, (faid she) I am soon going to meet your dear deceased father in the regions of blifs; my death is near, which I would chearfully embrace, but for those dear pledges of our love I must leave behind. You, my good girl must supply the place of parents; you must form their infant minds to religion and virtue. Small is the patrimony I can bequeath you, which you

must manage to the best advantage. Fortune, perhaps, may turn her wheel in your favour, and heaven will surely regard the uplifted hands of my little innocents.

“ You must consider, my dear, that riches do not alone constitute happiness, but virtue will procure what fortune cannot: It is with pleasure I have ever observed your strict adherence to religion and every moral duty; your regard to learning, and unexampled assiduity with your needle, may be of the utmost service to you in life.

“ The ladies in the vicinity of our cottage will be ever ready to reward industry and innocence; and should any of them honour you with a visit, they will be pleased with your neatness and œconomy, as well as your motherly affection to the rest of my unprovided orphans, and prompt the heart of benevolence to supply them with food and raiment, and pave their future way to peace and comfort by well-timed deeds of charity!

“ Blessed charity! thou divinest attribute of religion, it is thou that coverest a multitude of sins. O, my God! let me not be presumptuous, when I say, in my prosperity my heart was still dictated by thee. My ear was ever open to the voice of distress; I wept with the widow and orphans, their sorrows were my own, and speedy relief came forth to bless them—but fate stopped my hand, and all I had to give was fruitless commiseration;

commiseration; cold comfort, indeed, for the naked and forlorn; but heaven is just, to whose mercy and protection I now leave my helpless offspring."

Here she sunk upon her pillow, when Charlotte, with eyes streaming with unfeigned sorrow, clasped the trembling hand of her dying mother.

"My dear parent (cried the amiable maid), leave me not in this affliction. Alas! I am not capable of this great charge; yet, if it will yield you any comfort, I solemnly promise I will, to the utmost of my abilities, fulfil your desire; and if my sorrow for the loss of the dearest of parents will permit me cheerfully to perform the task you set me, no exertions shall be wanting on my part; no means left untried, which honesty and industry can suggest, but I will pursue; that your happy spirit from the regions of the blessed may look down well pleased and satisfied with the conduct of your mourning daughter.—But, O my mother! cast your eyes once more on me; give me your blessing—bellow it upon all of us."——

"Let them attend," said her mother, leaning with much difficulty, a little raised on one side. The children were now all kneeling by the side of the bed—while the dying parent thus uttered her last solemn farewell!—O, my God! who seest all our actions, and dost govern and protect the creatures thou hast made, who knowest how imperfect we are, let thy divine providence watch over these helpless orphans;

let thy guardian care keep them from evil ; protect them from the insults of the wicked and degenerate ; fill their infant minds with true piety and benevolence ; let their steps be directed by divine wisdom, and virtue preside over all their actions. And O, my God ! let the blessing of a dying parent make them happy, and may they be ever ready to obey thy holy will." Here she grew more faint, when Charlotte presented the children to her one by one, whom she kissed with the utmost tenderness ; then embracing Charlotte, she sunk into her arms, and expired without a groan. —

" She is gone ! (cried the afflicted fair one) ere long she will be a saint among saints, an angel among angels ; even now she gains the never-ending regions of happiness. O let thy shade oft visit thy afflicted daughter ! inspire her how to act ; point out what thou wouldst have her do, that I in all things may perform thy behest."

Charlotte now stood like the figure of Niobe, all in tears : her little charge caught sorrow from her eyes, and wept in concert. After a long silence, suddenly recollecting herself, she said, " All this sorrow is fruitless—I must not give way to it, but let reason be my guide, and assist me to perform the will of my dear departed parent.—Poor clay-cold image, I will endeavour to do thy bidding." —

There was a neighbouring cottage, where resided a good old woman who often came in a friendly manner

to visit her mother during her sickness, and whose benevolent disposition determined Charlotte to solicit her attendance at this awful period—and what neighbour could refuse at such a time?—

She came and performed what Charlotte's tenderness could not.—The old woman did what was necessary on this melancholy occasion in a decent manner. She had experienced the calamities of life, and from frequent deaths in her own family, was rather inured to such affecting scenes.

After the ceremony of the funeral was performed, and grief began gradually to wear off, Charlotte thus reasoned with herself: "Why should affliction continually weigh down my heart? We are all mortal, and all must die; besides, I am charged to take care of the living—that task must not be forgotten. Were these little ones to cry for bread, my parent's spirit would be disturbed; no, it must not be; I will instantly seek for employment, before our little substance is entirely gone."

She got her good old neighbour to look to the house and children in her absence; and dressing herself in a neat, modest manner, went to the houses of several people of fashion, who, on hearing her story, and seeing specimens of her curious work, very readily employed her; indeed there was something in Charlotte's person and address which pleaded strongly in her favour. She

was just turned of sixteen, of a middling stature ; her shape the most delicate that can be imagined ; her air easy and free as the first lady at court ; her face of the most pleasing complexion ; her eyes of a fine blue, and her hair brown and shining, which flowed in graceful ringlets over her shoulders : her understanding, naturally good, was improved by an education she received from her mother, who being possessed of all those accomplishments which are admired in ladies of birth and fortune, was the more capable of instructing her favourite daughter.

CHAP. II.

CHARLOTTE'S *Happiness on being employed—She is visited by two Ladies—ALBERT introduced, &c.*

CHARLOTTE returned overjoyed at her success. She had brought some fine handkerchiefs and ruffles to work ; and as soon as she entered the house, with tears of gratitude and thankfulness in her eyes, she kissed her little family, and embraced with the utmost cordiality her friendly neighbour ; then kneeling down, she uttered the following pious ejaculation.

“ Most gracious God, be pleased to accept the modest tribute of a grateful heart ! Still continue thy protection and support, that I may be enabled to perform
my

my duty, and the will of my honoured parent, which will ever be to me the highest felicity: behold me prostrate at the throne of thy mercy, returning my sincere thanks to the Great Disposer of all things, for his bounty towards me and the rest of this orphan family." Having uttered this, she rose up in the most cheerful manner, and immediately went to provide a decent repast for them all; when, as soon as it was over, she put the house in the best decorum she could; for, as she had left her direction with all her worthy employers, she had good reason to expect at least a visit from some of them, and the conjecture was not ill-founded.

Curiosity is a prevailing passion with all ranks of people; her story was of that interesting nature which might excite it in the highest degree, especially with those of refined sensations.

Charlotte went cheerfully about her work, and rose with the lark to pursue it, after first paying her orisons to the Divine Being, which she never neglected.

The scene of her retirement was not less romantic than agreeable; her little neat house was almost surrounded with trees, whose antiquity appeared in the wilderness of their branches, which wreathed about in the most fantastic manner; many of their trunks were entirely hollow, and their roots appeared above ground for many yards: behind these were lofty hills covered with verdure, where sheep and goats brouzed and gamboled:

gambled : and underneath these hills ran a small silver stream, which murmuring over the pebbles, made a most pleasing sound, while various birds filled the place with the sweetest harmony. The front of the cot was shaded with jessamines and honeysuckles ; on one side of the door was a bower covered with the same, and formed by her father when first he retired to this rural place.

Here Charlotte would sit when the weather was sultry, and pursue her daily task, while the little ones played wantonly around her.

One day, when she was seated in this pleasing arbour, and amusing herself with the following song, two ladies, unperceived, were advancing, but, on hearing her voice, stopped a while to listen.

SONG.

I.

How sweet the bread of Industry,
With innocence and peace ;
The wants of Nature to supply,
And bid each joy increase.

II.

Come rosy Health, and cheer my cot,
Nor humbleness disdain ;
Contented with my homely lot,
I never will complain.

III. And

III.

And you, ye little wantons, play,
While I your food prepare ;
For you I'll work each passing day,
And banish all your care.

As soon as Charlotte had finished her song, the ladies advanced ; which she perceiving, arose in some little confusion, but soon recovered herself ; and perceiving they were her patrons, made them each a very graceful curtsy, which they returned with the utmost affability. Such are the effects of good breeding, which never makes a distinction in civilities with the high or the low ; indeed, such distinctions are never made but by the vulgar and untaught, and are ever held in contempt by those who are truly polite.

Charlotte gave them a modest invitation to enter her cottage, which they very freely did, and expressed no small surprise at the elegant neatness of every thing they saw, and bestowed those praises which flow spontaneous from a generous mind, and which Charlotte could only reply to by a curtsy and blushes.

“ Well, Charlotte, (said one of the ladies) your story we are satisfied is no fiction ; and you will pardon our curiosity which brought us to explore the beauties of your rural recess ; and if you do not think our company disagreeable, we don't intend this shall be the only visit we make you.”

Charlotte

Charlotte expressed her gratitude for the honour they did her, and said she should always be happy to see them. Alas! poor Charlotte! she little thought what was to be the consequence of this honour, but experienced it too fatally; at last, the ladies having staid as long as they thought proper, and behaved in a very bountiful manner to the children, took their leave with a promise of coming again soon.

Charlotte, pleased as she was at the respect paid her, could not help feeling something in her mind which gave her a little uneasiness, and which she could by no means account for; but there is certainly a secret spirit within us, which, though in a dark manner, too often forebodes trouble, anxiety and sorrow.

Charlotte pursued her employment as usual, and made herself as cheerful as possible, when in less than a week the ladies came again, with two others, and a *gentleman* with them. Charlotte was rather more confused at this visit than the former, yet did all in her power to please them. It seems they had so extolled the beauty and qualifications of Charlotte, that all their acquaintances longed to behold one whose story was so singular; and among the rest Albert, the gentleman who came with them: he was an officer in the army, of a good fortune, and great accomplishments.

As a gentleman, his person was manly, more than delicate; his figure tall, and his mind susceptible of the tenderest impressions: he no sooner saw Charlotte
than

than he conceived a most violent and honourable passion for her, which through his assiduities to her, could not help being taken notice of by the ladies, who rallied him not a little on the occasion, and caused the innocent and virtuous Charlotte no small confusion.

CHAP. III.

Letter from ALBERT to CHARLOTTE—Her Confusion—He visits her—Makes an offer of his Hand, which she is prevailed on to accept.

CHARLOTTE perceived with some concern, the conquest she had made. She was, as yet, a total stranger to the passion of love; all her attention being taken up in performing the duty she had promised to her dying parent; and her utmost wishes was to end her life in virgin purity; but heaven ordained it otherwise. Albert, whose passion became daily more violent, sent a servant with the following letter to her. —

“Most amiable Charlotte,

“Be not offended at this liberty from a stranger who prompted by an involuntary passion, wishes to lay his person and fortune at your feet. From the first moment I heard your story, my heart expanded in your favour; but when I saw your person, and heard the music of your tongue, and the richness of your modesty

dearly and understanding, my whole heart was instantly yours. Believe me, my dear girl, your worth is above fortune, and mine is sufficient for all the demands which can make us happy: do not think me too precipitate in this declaration; true love does not stand upon formalities and trifles; and mine is the genuine offspring of sincerity: I have a heart to offer you, unknown to deceit, and which abounds with every tender sentiment: it is you alone that can make me happy, and without you I must be for ever miserable. Think on this letter as an introductory visit to those I shall pay in future, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you. Adieu, my dearest Charlotte!

ALBERT."

When Charlotte had read this, she was in the utmost perplexity how to behave; she had no objection to his person, for she had as yet never thought on one man more than another; neither did all the tenderness and compliments he had paid her make the least impression on her mind. She considered her present happy state as the most eligible, that she could wish; a husband might hinder her in the performance of her promised duty: he might be fond of her, yet morose to the children. Full of these cogitations, she resolved to consult her old friend, and open the whole affair, and take her advice upon so serious a matter. This determination she put in execution immediately, and having disclosed every thing to her, begged she would without reserve,

reserve, speak her sentiments on the subject. The good old lady, having weighed it in her mind, proceeded thus :—

“ My dear Charlotte, the regard I had for your mother, and that I have for you, will direct me to be sincere.—You are at present a stranger to Albert; you know not his temper; it may be his grosser desires have got the upper hand of his cooler reason, which time may discover too late, and your life be imbittered for ever; but if, on a better acquaintance, you shall find he is dictated by virtue, truth, and love, your taking him for a husband will put it more in your power to fulfil the promise you made to your dear mother; his fortune will enable you to bring the little ones up suitable to their birth, and his generosity will enable them to assume the rank which their parents formerly held in the world. Be cautious what encouragement you give him; yet receive him as a gentleman, with modest, good manners: let me know all that passes, and you may depend upon my sincerity and advice in all things.”

Charlotte thanked her for her candour, and returned to her cottage, rather more composed in her mind, and calling her little family together sat down to dinner, and then again to work.

The next day, as she expected, Albert (with one of the ladies, whom he had made his confidant) came to visit her: after some little chat, the lady, as it was

previously agreed, on some pretence, left them together, when Albert, falling on his knees, offered to kiss her hand, which she prudently drew back; he then, with the utmost earnestness, declared his passion, to which she said, she could give him no satisfactory answer at present, as their new acquaintance could by no means authorise her so to do. The lady coming in, put a stop to any further conversation for the present, and the lover was obliged, though unwillingly, to take his leave, having first obtained permission to visit her as a friend.

His letters and visits were now quite frequent; and there appeared so much sincerity in all his behaviour, that the truth of his love was no longer to be doubted, all of which was communicated to her careful counsellor, who advised her by all means to give him her hand; the ladies too, interested themselves in Albert's behalf, so that she could not any longer refuse their earnest solicitations. Albert, after making her an ample settlement, and providing as amply for the children, received her hand at the altar: but, alas! her heart was still a stranger to love—that precarious wounder of human hearts had cruelly kept his dart for another, and Charlotte was no better than a hapless sacrifice at his altar.—

Poor Charlotte! the days of thy happiness will be but few; sorrow and anguish will soon ensue. Mistaken Albert! thine is the enjoyment of the body,
but

but her soul is indifferent to thee; yet her virtue is sacred, nor can it ever be defiled.

By the request of Charlotte the Hymeneal rites were performed as privately as possible, and by her desire she was indulged, for the present, to reside in her old habitation. Albert was tender to the greatest degree, so that he must hold the first place in her esteem; but what is cold esteem to the warm and ardent passion of love? The transports of Albert were not of long duration; he was called to join his regiment, and proceed to the wars. This unexpected order filled him with grief; but as a soldier's honour is more to him than his life, he must obey the mandate.

Short was the time allowed him to prepare for his journey. He informed Charlotte of the business, and begged she would make herself easy; assuring her if it was his fate to fall in battle, he had taken care that the principal part of his possessions should come to her, but at the same time said, he had a kind of prophetic idea that he should return unhurt to her arms again. After taking the most tender leave of her, and earnestly imploring the Almighty to direct and support her in his absence, he set off.——

CHAP. IV.

WERTER's *first Interview—The Surprise of CHARLOTTE, and other Incidents in Consequence of their Meeting.*

ALBERT had been gone about three weeks, and Charlotte, though she was sorry for his absence, made herself as cheerful as she could, with her little family.

It was her custom always, when the weather would permit, to sit under a tree near the house to dine, or see the children play: it happened on one of these holidays, as she used to call them, that Werter, a young gentleman of the most attractive form, and refined ideas, had rambled about in a studious manner, and came, by accident, to the spot where Charlotte was surrounded with her little wanton troop, who looked like so many cupids, or rather cherubims.

The mildness of her look—the gracefulness of her person—and the dignified simplicity of her every action, made her appear to the eyes of Werter like an angel more than a mortal.

He stood for some time in the utmost astonishment; he could not even find words to apologize for his interruption: nor was the surprise of Charlotte less, the moment she cast her eyes towards him; she viewed his
face,

face, where health seemed to lavish all her bloom; his eyes seemed to speak the language of love and most refined sense; his fine auburn hair flowed in artless curls—his person was elegant, and formed with the most exact symmetry, not tall or corpulent, but easy and genteel; and he altogether seemed to display a perfect figure of the true gentleman.

He approached, by degrees, towards this little paradise, and bowing with the utmost respect, begged the lady would excuse his intrusion, which was merely the direction of chance. She, in no little confusion, replied, that was an apology sufficient, as nothing could be construed into a crime which was not intended; and as Charlotte was never backward in civilities, she brought him a chair, and asked him to sit down and rest himself, which he accepted, and so finally completed his ruin. He played with the children, which seemed to delight Charlotte, yet she, at the same time, was taking large draughts of love.

Werter could not reconcile it that she could be mother to those children, as she was certainly too young, therefore he concluded, and was so far right, that she must be sister to them; further enquiries he dared not make; yet, in another conjecture he was wrong, that she was not married. After some innocent conversation, he took his leave, and Charlotte fell into the most profound reverie. "Good God! (she cried), whence can these sensations come? O, Albert! what will thou be if

ever thou returnest! my aversion?—No, that cannot be—yet I cannot return thy love. Should generosity like thine be thus rewarded? No, I will never injure thee—But have I not done it already? Has not this stranger taken sole possession of my heart? O, fatal hour! when I gave my consent—It was avarice—I know I did not love you—Unhappy man!—My reason was blinded by persuasion. I should have been contented in the state I was in. What did I want for? I had content, that best of all blessings. I should have waited for this charming youth, this stranger unknown—but I rave—my brain is turned—I will lay me down on the turf to cool my heated mind.”—

* * * *

Werter proceeded, in a melancholy manner, towards his home. Love filled all his thoughts; doubts and fears perplexed him. “Most dear Charlotte!” said he (for he had heard one of the children say so) “if you cannot be mine, I will die for you—But what can bar the claim? Perhaps she has given her heart to another—It must not be! To-morrow I will know more—till then it is an age.”—In this perturbed manner he went to his chamber—he threw himself on the bed—rest was not to be found there.—Sleep had forsook his residence—she had fled, but not to Charlotte: she was alike tortured with all the miseries of a hopeless passion. Werter rose from his bed, lay down again but to no purpose—the image of Charlotte was continually

nually before him; he saw her adorned with every grace—"Heaven in her eye—in every action dignity and love."

He tried to read—books were tedious—he laid them aside—at length, in a pathetic passion, he sat down, and wrote the following rhapsody—

TO CHARLOTTE.

I.

Tell me, Charlotte, what is love?
Didst thou e'er its tortures prove?
All its anxious doubts and fears.
All its sighs, its smiles, its tears?

II.

If you have, you then must know
What is sorrow, what is woe;
What it is to wake all night,
Stranger to each soft delight.

III.

If it e'er has touch'd your breast,
If it robb'd you of your rest,
You may guess what Werter feels,
What his languid eye reveals.

IV. Pity

IV.

Pity then, ah! pity me,
Born to love but only thee;
Let a smile relieve his pain,
Nor treat his passion with disdain.

Soon as the morn had illumined the eastern skies, the birds began to sing, and the shepherds to drive their sheep from the fold, to crop the herbage of the verdant plains; Werter left his chamber, and took his way towards the place where resided the dear and only object his soul paid its adoration to. He soon was there, and found Charlotte seated in her little bower with the children, at breakfast. He came in, and begged pardon again for his intrusion, declared he came particularly to enquire after her health, and, with more freedom than before, sat himself down by her side, took her hand in his, which she insensibly let him do, while at the same time her cheeks were covered with blushes; but having recovered herself a little, she gently drew her hand away —

He pulled out a handkerchief to wipe off a tear that just then started from his eye, and dropped from his pocket the paper which contained the verses he had written, which Charlotte took up, and seeing her name, had the curiosity to read it, and as soon as she had done fainted away. Werter caught her in his arms, and made use of every effort to recover her, in which,
after

after some time, he succeeded ; when, kneeling down by her side, in the most melting and plaintive tone, he declared his love, adding at the same time, her refusal would pronounce his death. Charlotte, with a look full of terror and pity, gently replied—"Alas ! poor Werter ! then thy fate is decreed, I *never* can be thine—" What says my Charlotte ? (cried Werter, wildly) *never* can be mine ! Dear angel, say not so ! What can you mean ? Your breast beats with tenderness—Cruelty cannot inhabit there : your words surely conceal some mystery. Resolve me for heaven's sake, instantly."——

Charlotte, in a trembling voice, cleared up the mystery, as he had called it.

"I am already *married* (she said. Thunder could not strike the guilty with more terror : he fell down in a swoon, and as soon as he recovered, raved in a most distracted manner, and would (if he had had means) have destroyed himself immediately. At length, grief overcame him, and his rage was drowned in a deluge of tears.——

CHAP. V.

WERTER and CHARLOTTE own their mutual unhappiness, and lament the cause which makes them so.

WERTER'S letter to CHARLOTTE.

IT was some time before either of them were able to speak ; at last, Werter broke the silence—"What malignant star governed the hour I was born? Surely my fate is most severe ; for, if I am not deceived, thy countenance seems sorry that our fates have thus set this inseparable bar between us. O! tell me, Charlotte—speak some comfort to my desponding soul. Have you a passion for the lost, the miserable Werter? Your silence my dear Charlotte, leaves me yet in suspense. Say, oh! say, how much above all others I am cursed ;"—

"Ask me not (said Charlotte) what cannot with any propriety by me be revealed ; make yourself as easy as you can ; call reason to your aid, and strive to conquer a passion which has nothing substantial for its basis ; the purity of your mind, I know, would scorn the wretch, who could prove unchaste, and false to the solemn vows which she made at the altar. Had it not been so, I might have been happy—but now it is too late to think of it."—

"Who is the wretch?"—cried Werter hastily—

"Forbear,

“ Forbear, (said Charlotte) to speak ill of my husband, he is all goodness, all truth, all tenderness and love : honour has called him to fight the battles of his country, but soon will he return, I doubt not, crowned with laurels : but where will be his triumph ? Beauty and love should crown the brave : all his treasure was locked up in me ; but he, alas ! will find an empty casket : yet never, *never* shall my conduct injure him. — No, Albert, I am thine ; and though my life will be a life of sorrows, yet will I try to keep thy peace secure.” —

At the name of Albert, Werter started. “ What do I hear ! Let me know your story. Are you the enchanting lady of the wild ? — and is my friend your husband ? Ill-fated Werter ! O gentle Charlotte ! tell me all, then let me rush at once into the dark abyss of eternity ! O cruel fate ! when first I heard of you, had I but come, you had been mine instead of Albert’s.”

Charlotte tried all she could to pacify him : she related every circumstance, from first to last, and concluded with admonitions, not precipitately to rush into the presence of the Almighty, but consider the dreadful consequences of self murder. He now fell into a gloominess and settled melancholy ; yet often visited Charlotte, and fed his fancy with her beauties, whilst his mind was enamoured with her virtues.

Charlotte lost all her cheerfulness ; her former innocent amusements could charm no more ; yet in all her
melancholy

melancholy she still continued to pay strict obedience to the injunctions of her dying parents.

She thought it no crime for Werter to visit her, being satisfied in her mind of his honour and her own.

Wetter now forsook all company, and often wandered in the woods and most unfrequented places, trying every argument in favour of self-destruction. "What is self-murder?" he would say, "Is not the criminal who is condemned and executed, for crimes he wilfully committed, guilty of self murder? He knew the consequence before he perpetrated the fact, and knowing death would surely be his doom, he was certainly guilty of self-murder; or else the law that condemns him is guilty of murder.

"How many criminals are there in one year who suffer the law, and are guilty of self-murder! It may be urged, they do not wish to die; but that plea cannot invalidate the argument. I wish to die—my life is a burthen to me, and next to him that gave it, who can have a greater right over my life than myself? I will write to Charlotte—I will make her acknowledge what I say is just, and grant me leave to die." He accordingly wrote the following letter, and gave it to her himself.—

"Dearest Charlotte!

"Permit a love-lorn wretch to grant himself a dispensation to quit *this* world, which he can no longer
delight

delight in, in search of happiness or oblivion: in the *future*, the latter would be preferable. Give me but your leave, and I am gone for ever. My torments in another world at any rate cannot be greater than they are in this; nay, they cannot *equal* them: therefore, is it not reasonable to quit the greater for the less? My brain is on fire—I cannot live out of your presence, nor in it. Dismiss me speedily, my dear Charlotte. What have I to fear? I am guilty of no crime—unless loving of you be a crime, and that surely cannot be. Nature made you to be loved, or why should Albert love you?—

Distracted WERTER."

CHAP. VI.

CHARLOTTE'S *Letter to WERTER*—WERTER'S *last Visit*—ALBERT'S *Return*—CHARLOTTE'S *Sorrow* at WERTER'S *Tomb*—*Conclusion*.

CHARLOTTE read this epistle with fear and trembling, and though nearly mad herself, yet could not think without the greatest horror, on the crime of self-murder. She dreaded to see him, for his countenance was now so altered that he looked quite ghastly and rather what we may conceive of a wretch-

ed spectre from the other world, than a living mortal of this. When he had delivered the letter, he gave her such a look as pierced her very soul, and only uttered—"Charlotte, I shall see you once more," and then disappeared in an instant.

"Charlotte, I shall see you once more!" she said, repeating his last words. "I will be ready for thee; poor Werter! I will mingle my sorrows with thine, and then farewell for ever. O, Werter, Werter! Albert is coming. He writes me word so; I will see thee once more, and then farewell for ever!"—

Charlotte now sat down, and wrote the following note to Werter:

"Unhappy Werter!

"Take this last epistle from the unhappy Charlotte—our correspondence is at an end—our interviews must be no more; Albert returns, and our hearts are innocent from what may be suspected; yet jealousy is a dreadful passion, and why should he be tormented? It was the work of fate—he could not help it. Yet, O! Werter, let me conjure thee, once more, to call up resolution to your aid, to bear this load of life, as I am determined to do.——

"You will not surely deny the last request of one who would live or die for you, was it in her power—I have said too much—I am the property of another. O grating word! to a heart so soft as mine. I shall
take

take my last leave of you when I give you this. Parting will be dreadful—but Albert comes—O! Werter, what will become of

CHARLOTTE!"

Werter was true to his promise. He appeared at the bower; his arms were folded, his eyes sunk and dim; his lips pale and quivering; his hair hung in disorder: he received the letter trembling, and having read it, put it in his pocket, and kneeling at her feet, took hold of her hand, and looked up to her face, which was turned another way, and covered with her hand. "My dear Charlotte! (said he) turn not your face away from your dying Werter; let me have a *last* farewell, a tender farewell, from that beauty which has undone me. Smile an adieu, and let my soul depart in peace. O, turn turn to me, dearest Charlotte!"—Charlotte, almost drowned in tears, turned to him. "Ah! (said she) can Werter bid me smile? Can a heart that is rent asunder smile? Will the thought that I never shall see thee more cause one idea of pleasure? if a chaste embrace will give you any satisfaction, you shall have it, and may heaven embrace thy soul!—but yet, O Werter! do not venture to tread the darksome road without a guide. Hark! I hear the trampling horses—It is Albert.—Adieu, adieu *for ever!*" Werter could scarcely say, "Adieu," but, with a frantic wildness in his countenance, he clasped her to

his breast, and flung from her in despair. She sunk down on the seat in the bower, and Albert, just then entering, caught her in his arms, and fondly imagined her sudden illness proceeded from her joy at his return.

Mistaken mortal! no joy for thee, no transports shalt thou receive, but cold compliance is all thou must expect; thy Charlotte will no more be cheerful, no more will she tune her soft melodious voice within the bower; her cheeks no more shall glow with the soft blushes of the roseate morn, but love and sad despair, like the canker worm, shall gnaw upon her heart; each charm shall fade, and soon the tomb receive her.

Werter, with every torture in his breast that is possible for the human frame to bear, entered his apartment, and in a paroxysm of madness, put a period to his existence, and by a note he left on his table, desired to be interred near the spot where his dear Charlotte first saw him. His friends obeyed his will, and carved on the tomb-stone only the name of WERTER.

The news of his death soon reached the ears of Charlotte, which greatly encreased her melancholy; while having found where his tomb was erected, she every morning and evening visited it, and gathered the choicest flowers to strew thereon.

“Shade of my dear Werter (she would say) hover here yet a while till Charlotte come—I shall not tarry long. I feel myself steal from me—the world swims

swims round me ; it cannot divide us long—In other worlds thou shalt be inseparably mine—Farewell to this.”——

Thus she continued mourning, and her frame consuming day after day, till she sunk into the arms of death, and with her last breath called on hapless Werter, by whose side she was buried, at the request of a particular friend, who had gained the secret of their loves by some papers Werter left behind him.

WERTER'S EPITAPH.

BY AN AMERICAN PHYSICIAN.

Stranger ! whoe'er thou art, that from below
This grass-green hill with steady steps dost press,
Shed sympathetic tears—for, stranger, know,
Here lies the son of sorrow and distress !

Altho' his soul with every virtue mov'd ;
Tho' at his birth deceitful fortune smil'd ;
In one sad hour too fatally he lov'd ;
When fortune frown'd—and he was sorrow's child.

Heav'n gave him passions, as she virtue gave,
But gave not power those passions to suppress ;
By them subdu'd, he slumbers in the grave—
The soul's last refuge from terrene distress.

Around his tomb the sweetest grass shall spring,
And annual flow'rs shall ever blossom here ;
While fairy forms their loveliest gifts shall bring,
And passing strangers shed the pitying tear.

S O N G.

When Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,
And he prais'd the soft grace of her mien ;
But all her accomplishments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore,
He sigh'd for a heart not her own,
And the joys of poor Werter were o'er,

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As a friend gentle Werter was dear,
Her smiles oft his sorrows assuag'd,
While pity has dropt a soft tear ;
Urg'd by love he grew bold, and she cry'd
Werter leave me, and see me no more,
He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd,
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

THE STORY OF
MISS WILLIAMS.

[GRIFFITH.]

YOU are to know, Mr. Editor, that I am what the world calls an old bachelor, having reached my fifty-fifth year in a state of celibacy ; and being blessed with an excellent constitution and a plentiful fortune, I cannot say, though I have the highest respect for the fair sex, that I ever much regretted the want of that inestimable treasure a helpmate. But certain it is, that a desire for posterity is by nature implanted in the heart of man ; and the nearer we verge towards dissolution, the more earnestly do our wishes tend to the leaving some part of ourselves behind.

From this impulse, I have for the last five years of my life frequently thought of entering into the holy state of matrimony ; and have in the course of that time, seen many beautiful young women, whose parents have fully given me to understand, that *they* were willing I should wed their daughters. But, alas ! Mr. Editor, I am an epicure in love, and would not give a guinea for the person of the finest woman in England, whose internal merit was not as much the object

ject of my esteem, as her exterior charms of my adoration.

And on what principle can a man of sense, at my time of life, found his esteem for the blooming beauty who devotes herself a willing victim at the altar of Plutus, when she should only sacrifice to Hymen? or what right has the sensual dotard to expect a sincere attachment from a woman, who, in order to deceive him, affects to reconcile impossibilities, and make summer and winter agree?

After what I have said of myself, you cannot suppose me base enough to receive an unwilling bride from the hand of compulsive authority.—No! childless I am, and childless will remain, rather than wound the breast of injured beauty by forced embraces, or debase the pure untainted mind by subjecting the person to legal prostitution.

How often, when left alone with an amiable girl, whose obedience to an avaricious father had compelled her to endure such a *tete-a-tete*, have I surprised the sad fair one, by exclaiming with Don Carlos in *The Revenge*,

——“ Disobey

Rather than come thus coldly,

With adverse looks, and alienated mien,

Suffering address—the victim of my love.”

With such a peculiar turn of mind as I have described myself to be possessed of, you will readily conclude,
that

that it is not very likely I should alter my condition ; and to say truth, I have now given up all thoughts of doing so ; in consequence of which equally moral and prudent resolution, I shall endeavour to beget children for the future. like Jupiter, and transfer my parental fondness to the offspring of my *brain* ; no longer hoping to be author of any other issue, lawfully begotten.

From this day, then, I resolve to commence writer, and do hereby constitute and appoint you, Mr. Editor, the sole guardian of my future progeny. My first attempt shall be in the narrative stile, as that species of writing and speaking is peculiarly adapted to elderly gentlemen. But my tale, though really authentic, shall not be long.

It follows thus :—In the month of July, in the year 1773, some business of importance calling me to London, I took a lodging in the house of a reputable tradesman, whom I shall call Mason, near Charing-Cross. In this house I occupied the middle apartment, and frequently heard the not unpleasing sound of a light female footstep on the floor above me, and on the staircase. Good manners forbade my opening my chamber-door, to indulge my curiosity with a sight of my fellow-lodger ; but chance soon granted my wish, by my accidentally coming in at the street-door as she was stepping out. There was something uncommonly interesting in the appearance of this young person, exclusive

clusive of either youth or beauty, though she possessed them both, not being above eighteen years old, and very handsome. It proceeded from a look of diffidence, and an unfashioned air, which denoted her to be unpractised in the arts or habits of the world.

She passed along, and I entered my landlady's parlour, impelled by an earnest desire to know something more of the fair vision which had glided by me. Mrs. Mason readily informed me of all she knew relative to this young woman, whose name she said was Williams; that she had been recommended to her by a person whom she had formerly known, and who had kept a little school at Horsham in Sussex; that she had lodged and boarded with her about four months, paying regularly for her entertainment at the end of every week; that she never went out but to church, which she daily frequented, or to take a walk round the park; that never any creature had come to visit her, nor had even a letter been directed to her, since she had been under her roof; that she was of a grave, but not a melancholy cast, worked well at her needle, seemed fond of reading, and sometimes sung very sweetly in her own chamber, when she thought no one could hear her; that she often declined accompanying her to any of the public gardens, nor could ever be prevailed upon to sit five minutes at a time in the shop; that she sometimes mentioned her having a friend in the country, whom

whom she much wished to see, but did not expect that pleasure soon.

From this account I found it impossible to form any reasonable conjecture with regard to the real situation of this young woman. Her forlorn and friendless state might induce a belief of her being one of those unhappy females who have been seduced from the fostering arms of parental affection, and kept secluded from the world to gratify the suspicious temper of her betrayer, who, conscious of his designing to abandon her, might naturally suspect her fidelity to him. But in such a case the absence of her lover would be a source of sorrow; and Miss Williams was not sad: her confinement, too, was voluntary, and her constant attendance on the service of the church spoke a mind devoid of guilt, or its attendant, shame. If she were privately married, her husband would either write, or come to her, and she would necessarily bewail his absence; and if she was what she appeared to be, a virtuous single woman, it was almost impossible she should be so totally unconnected with the whole world, as not to have one friend or correspondent in it.

In short, after long puzzling myself in vain about this fair mystery, I gave up all hopes of being able to unravel her destiny, and endeavoured to banish her and her riddle-me-ree situation entirely out of my mind; when one evening after dusk, a loud rapping at the door, and the entrance of a person in a sedan-chair,
who

who enquired for Miss Williams, revived mine and my landlady's curiosity, who flew out of her parlour and lighted up a gentleman nearly of my own age to her young inmate's apartment, and putting out her candle, and gently stepping into a closet adjoining to Miss Williams's room, sat herself down to listen to the conversation that was to pass at this interview.

In about three quarters of an hour, I was surprised and shocked at hearing a sudden noise, like that of a heavy weight tumbling on the floor, which was instantly followed by a loud and piercing shriek, which was almost as suddenly echoed by Mrs. Mason from her concealment, which she now quitted, and called out for help for *the dead gentleman*. On this alarm I flew up stairs, and found the disconsolate Miss Williams kneeling on the ground, with a ghastly aspect, and vainly endeavouring to raise a lifeless body, whose weight was much too ponderous for her strength: I aided her with all of mine; and our landlord coming to our assistance, we with some difficulty laid the corpse, for such it now was, upon her bed.

My servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon, who arrived in a few minutes. During this interval, the unhappy girl shewed every symptom of the deepest sorrow; she fixed her eyes upon the lifeless form that lay before her. and exclaimed, "Oh! he is gone, my father, friend, and benefactor!" At the same time, drops, chafing, sprinkling of water, and every other

other means, were used to call back the parting spirit which had so lately left its long-accustomed mansion. But when the surgeon had vainly tried to make the stagnated blood flow from the opened vein, and steadily pronounced that life was fled, distraction seized on the now wretched maid; she tore her hair, beat her breast, and hardly was with-held from doing violence upon herself. At length, quite overcome by the too strong exertion of her passions, she fainted quite away, from whence she was recovered to a state of languid stupefaction, and seemed insensible to all around her. In this melancholy situation she was conveyed into my apartment, where I left her with Mrs. Mason, and returned up stairs to enter into consultation with the man of the house and the surgeon, to determine in what manner to proceed, on this extraordinary event.

My landlord had already searched the pockets of the deceased, but found neither letter or address of any kind, that could indicate who he was. In his pocket-book there were Bank of England bills to the amount of two hundred pounds, one half of which were folded in a piece of paper, on which was indorsed, in a very particular hand-writing, "Mary Williams."

We all remained totally at a loss in what manner to proceed, when my landlord, who was extremely anxious for the credit of his house, and of course unwilling

that a Coroner's Inquest should be held there, observed, that his wife must know more of the matter than we, as she had been listening to all the discourse that passed between the corpse and Miss Williams, previous to his death. Mrs. Mason was accordingly summoned from her attendance on the afflicted fair one, and questioned with regard to what she had discovered in her auditory, as to the name, profession, or connections of the deceased; but all our enquiries were fruitless; she said Miss Williams only called him Sir, and addressed him with the respectful manner of an affectionate daughter; while he seemed to treat her with the familiar tenderness of a fond and long absent father, and even rallied her on her having been so long in London, without having ventured under the matronage of the good woman of the house to partake of any of its pleasures.

As my landlady's information did not suggest the least rule for our conduct in the present difficult crisis, her husband insisted on her endeavouring to persuade Miss Williams to acquaint her with the name and abode of the deceased, that he might be conveyed home that night, and save them any further trouble; alledging, that in case that was not done, he must be obliged to send for the searchers in the morning, and keep his shop shut perhaps all day, as no one would chuse to come into a house where there was a corpse whose death they could not account for.

This

This ingenious harangue of Mr. Mason's was entirely needless; for the curiosity of his spouse was a sufficient incitement to make her use every means in her power to discover the history both of the living and the dead. But after all her most earnest and reiterated enquiries, she received no reply from the almost petrified Miss Williams but "Alas! I know not."

I confess I was now startled at her persevering in such an answer, and began to fear her reason was disordered by the shock her sensibility must have received from the sudden death of one whom I considered, from all apparent circumstances, as her parent or guardian. I therefore advised her being immediately let blood, and suffered to give full vent to her sorrows, without being interrupted or importuned for the present, by any further questions. With much difficulty I obtained a promise of a profound silence from Mrs. Mason, and leaving the fair mourner in possession of my apartment, I went to look for a bed at the Hammams.

On my return home in the morning, I found all that Mr. Mason's fears had predicted fully verified; the *searchers* had entered the house, and a very riotous mob were gathered round it, who threatened to pull it down, if they were not suffered to see the corpse of the man whom they said he had murdered. When I had made my way through the croud, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Mason in the utmost distress, not knowing how to act, as Miss Wil-

liams, though to all appearance in her perfect senses; persisted still in denying her having any knowledge of the name, family, profession, or abode, of her deceased friend and benefactor.

I could scarcely give credit to the report of such peculiar obstinacy, in a case where it must involve others in real difficulties, without apparently benefiting herself, and took upon me to persuade her to be so far communicative with regard to her departed friend, as might relieve the good people of the house from the irksomeness of their present situation. I framed my address towards the weeping maid with all the softness and gentleness I could possibly assume; she heard me patiently, and even seemed to suppress her sighs, and stop her flowing tears, to listen to my speech.

But when I had ceased speaking, she rose, and with a look of the most perfect innocence, and all the firmness which attends on truth, fell on her knees before me, and called on heaven to witness, that she knew not the name of her deceased friend, nor by what ties he was connected with her; but only knew, that he had been her benefactor from her earliest years, and that she had no other friend but him.

Conviction ever must attend on truth, where the mind is not warped by prejudice; my doubts, therefore, of Miss Williams's veracity instantly vanished; but my surprize at the peculiarity of her situation augmented every moment that I reflected on it; which
curiosity

curiosity prompted me to ask her by what extraordinary chance she had become connected with her late benefactor? Without the least hesitation in her speech or manner, she replied to my question in the following words:

“ The longest and deepest trace that remains upon my memory, with regard to my existence, is, that I was placed, when a mere child, in a very wretched house, in the town of Guildford, under the care of a parish-nurse, who treated me most inhumanly. I had one day given some part of the miserable pittance allotted for my breakfast to a little kitten that cried for hunger, which so enraged this brutal woman, that she fell upon and beat me most unmercifully.

“ It happened, that, at that moment, my ever dear benefactor passing by, and hearing my shrieks, slept in and rescued me from the hands of my tyrant. He had justice enough to enquire into the cause of her severity, and on being informed of it, became more interested in my favour. He set me on one of his knees, and placed the kitten on the other; and when I stroaked it, and sobbed out, Ah! poor pussy!” he caught me in his arms, and seemed delighted with the tenderness of my expression to the innocent cause of my sufferings. He gave the nurse a proper reproof, and bade her to take care of the child and the cat, and he would call to see them again in a few days.

“ When he left me, I thought my little heart flew

after him, and his idea was never absent from my mind. I could not then be above four years old, and yet I think if I had never seen him more, I never should have forgotten him. His was the first voice that had ever soothed my infant ear with the soft sounds of fondness. In about ten days he returned, according to his promise, and brought an order to the nurse to deliver me up to him, which she most unwillingly obeyed; but positively refused to let me take the half-starved kitten with me, unless he would pay her a guinea for it: he complied with her exorbitant demand, and so rendered two little animals happy.

“ From this scene of misery I was conveyed to a very decent house at Horsham, and treated with the utmost humanity and kindness by the person to whose care I was entrusted. I remained there three years, during which time I saw my benefactor but thrice. At the expiration of that time, I was removed to a school in the same town, which was kept by two sisters of the name of Tyrrel, and there continued till the elder of them died, and the school was broke up. The youngest sister then brought me to this house, and recommended me to the care of Mrs. Mason.

“ During the ten years I lived with these good women, I received an annual visit from my friend. I found he always paid a year before-hand for me, and left ten guineas in the hands of one of my mistresses, exclusive of my common expences for cloaths and other necessities,

necessaries, in case I should be sick, or he should fail to come exactly at his usual time, which was generally the latter end of July, or beginning of August.

“ For the last three years I spent at Horsham, I was continually resolving that the next time I saw my friend, I would enquire his name, and how I became entitled to his goodness? But the moment I beheld him, my resolution vanished. No words can ever describe the respectful tenderness I felt for him; and I should readily have persuaded myself that it was filial love, if I had not for ever recollected the particular circumstance which had first introduced me to his notice. Fatal timidity, which has left me as totally ignorant of every thing that relates to myself, as I am of my patron’s name or family !

“ The good Mrs. Tyrrel, when she left me in this house, gave me about forty pounds, which she said belonged to me, as it was the surplus of the money that had been left in her hands for my use, and not expended. She bid me keep up my spirits, and said when my father, for so she always called him, came to Horsham, she would let him know where she had placed me. The good woman lived but to fulfil her promise; for my departed friend informed me, last night, that she died about a week after he saw her last.

“ I have now, Sir, with the utmost ingenuofness, related every circumstance with which I am acquainted,
relative

relative to my more than father, and my unhappy self. I implore your advice in the present crisis. With regard to his dear remains, let them be treated with that respect I owed him living; and the last farthing I am mistress of, shall be expended for the pious purpose. I am, thank heaven and my departed friend, who had taken care to provide me with a proper female education, well qualified to get my bread, by work or service, nor do I feel an anxious thought about my future welfare."

I confess I was charmed with the spirit of candour and generosity that appeared in Miss Williams's account of herself. A mean mind would never have revealed the lowness of its situation; and the frankness with which she acknowledged hers, raised her to the highest pitch in my esteem. While she had been speaking, it occurred to me, from the circumstance of the particular season of the year when her friend made his annual visit into the country, that he might possibly be a lawyer; as the months of July and August are the usual time of the assizes; and that it was likely he might be, like myself, an old bachelor, and might probably have chambers in some of our Inns of Court.

Upon this surmise, I set out directly for the Temple, luckily met with the porter, described the dress and figure of the person who lay dead at Mr. Mason's, and enquired if he knew such a one? The man instantly replied, "It must be my good master, Counsellor

G—l,

G——l, whose servants are all alarmed at his staying out last night, as he has not done such a thing these ten years; and his elder brother, Squire G——l, of Sussex, came to town this morning, and is now waiting to see the Counsellor at his chambers."

I begged of the porter to conduct me thither, and met the gentleman he mentioned, whose appearance confirmed his relation to the deceased. With the best preparation which the time would admit of, I informed him of the circumstances of his brother's death, and took occasion to mention his attachment to Miss Williams in the true, and of course the most favourable light. We set out together in Mr. G——l's coach; and the moment he beheld the corpse, nature proclaimed the consanguinity of brotherhood; for he wept bitterly.

The body was immediately put into his coach, and conveyed to his late home. Mr. G——l saw Miss Williams, spoke kindly to her, and bid her be of comfort; said, he doubted not the veracity of the story I had told him, was sure his brother had made a proper provision for her in his will, and desired to see her and me together in a few days. In less than a week he sent to desire she would come to his lodgings, in Soho-square, and bring a friend with her; upon which summons she entreated Mrs. Mason and me to accompany her.

Mr. G——l received us very politely, but with an

air of real concern told our young friend, that after the most diligent search through his brother's papers, he had not been able to find a will, nor any memorandum wherein her name was mentioned, except one of a very slight nature, in a pocket-book, which was fourteen years old ; he therefore entreated her to recollect, if possible, what kind of connection there had been between his late brother and her, and assured her, that if she could claim any relationship, or even promise of provision from him, he would do more than justice to her plea.

The honest generous girl frankly declared she had not the least claim to his intended bounty, and without the least hesitation or variation related the same story with which the reader is already acquainted. I saw Mr. G——l's countenance much moved, during her artless tale ; which when she had finished, he produced the pocket-book he had mentioned, in which were only these few words : " August 3d, 1759, I have this day taken a female child under my protection, whom I mean to educate and provide for, as she is friendless, and of an amiable disposition. Her name is Mary Williams."

Now, Madam, said Mr. G——l, I am fully convinced you are the person heré mentioned, from the particulars of your own story. Your candour in relating it deserves a reward ; and my respect for my brother's memory inclines me to fulfil his wish. I will, therefore,

therefore, to-morrow morning, order my lawyer to draw up a deed of gift, which shall convey to you the sum of one hundred pounds per annum during your life; and if a match worthy of your merit should be proposed to you. I will then add one thousand pounds to it upon your wedding-day. In the mean time, accept of this sum (presenting her with the hundred pounds in bills, which had been found in Counsellor G——l's pocket, with her name indorsed), as a present from your late benefactor, and may you long enjoy my little gift!

Mr. G——l might have gone on, much longer, without interruption. Gratitude had overpowered every faculty of the gentle Williams's soul; and left her but just strength sufficient to throw herself at his feet, bursting into a flood of tears. Mrs. Mason was struck dumb with astonishment, and stared at the good man as a supernatural being. For my own part, "although unused to the melting mood," I found it necessary to apply my handkerchief to my eyes, and remained silent, because I could not speak. And if your fair readers, at least, are not in the same situation at perusing this last page, I shall think I have less reason than ever to lament my having lived a bachelor.

PETER TARDY.

ON

ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.

[GOLDSMITH.]

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in uselefs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamesler, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence

Whence then is this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us, encreases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuse," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visit them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages;

tages ; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows : " Great father of China, behold a wretch, " now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a " dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being " even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived " in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, " and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled " with the splendour of that sun to which you have " restored me, I have been wandering the streets to " find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or " remember me ; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead ; and I am forgotten. Permit " me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched " remains of life in my former prison ; the walls of " my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the " most splendid palace : I have not long to live, " and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my " days where my youth was passed ; in that prison " from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar

so that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it! husband the wasting treasure with encreasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivilant to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grew weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth,

“so displeasing,” cried he to himself, “what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.” This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

M A R I A.

[STERNE.]

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France, in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one’s lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which, Music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven! it would fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd

it

it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend, Mr. Shandy, met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the exillence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door—her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth.—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before.—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered the poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.

Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice

across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? —I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had super-added likewise to her jacket a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithful as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle: as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string. “Thou shalt not leave me Sylvio,” said she—I look’d in Maria’s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover and her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell with my handkerchief. I then sleep’d it in my own—and then in her’s—and then in

mine—

mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undiscrivable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

M A R I A.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I ask'd her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before. She said she was unsettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had wash'd it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it, she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril.—On opening it, I saw an S. marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and return'd back—that she found her way alone across the Appennines,

Appennines, had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed ! and to the quick, said I : and wait thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee ; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers ; and when I had done thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe ; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken-heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this ; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was sleep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. And where will you dry it, Maria ; said I ? I'll dry it in my bosom, said she—'twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria ? said I.

I touch'd upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she look'd with willful disorder for some time in my face ; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her service to the Virgin—The string I had touch'd ceased to vibrate—in a moment

er two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria ? said I—She said, to Moulines—Let us go, said I, together—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

M A R I A.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet, when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touch'd her looks with something that was scarcely earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mind, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden !—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds,—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

TEARS

TEARS NOT UNWORTHY OF AN HERO.

[DRYDEN.]

IF tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Eneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseïs was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping.

ing, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is ikewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander.

But if observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithen's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm.

Extemplo Eneæ solvuntur frigore membra :

Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning

of

of a storm; therefore, he shewed the more early pity, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyl. a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects.

ATTENTION TO THE BEST MODELS
RECOMMENDED TO THE STUDENTS
IN ELOQUENCE.

[BLAIR.]

ATTENTION to the best models will contribute greatly towards improvement. Every one who speaks or write should, indeed, endeavour to have somewhat that is his own, that is peculiar to himself, and that characterises his composition and style. Slavish imitation depresses genius, or rather betrays the want of it. But withal, there is no genius so original, but may be profited and assisted by the aid of proper examples, in style, composition, and delivery. They always open some new ideas; they serve to enlarge and correct our own. They quicken the current of thought, and excite emulation.





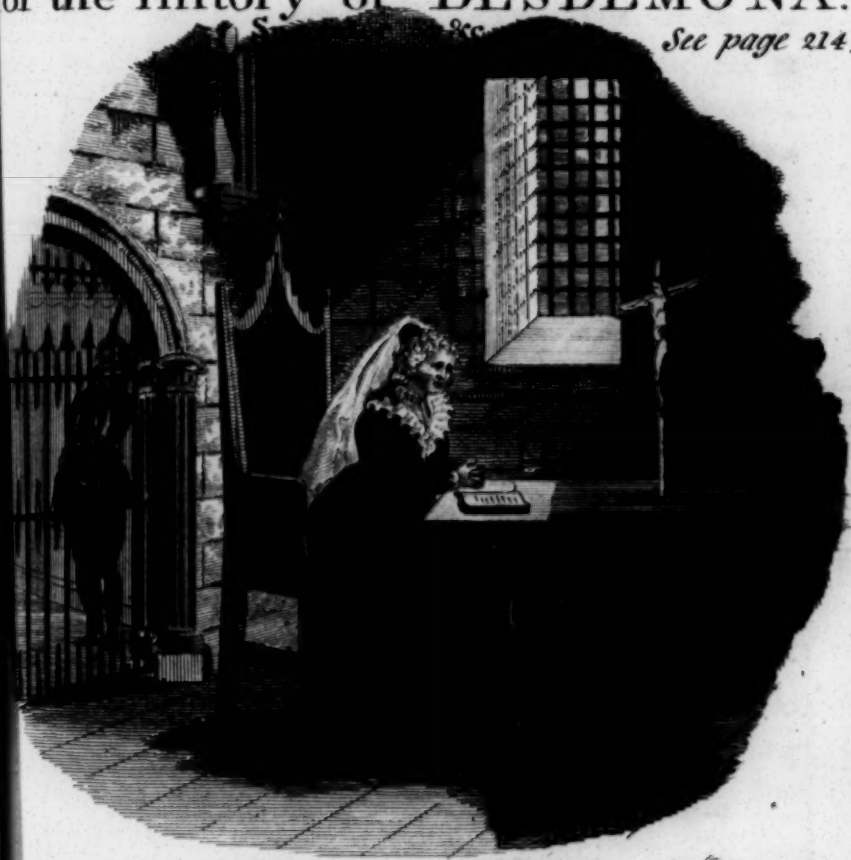
Cruikshank delin.

Barlow sculp.

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Life of Mary Queen of Scots,
Life of Lady Jane Gray,
by Goldsmith
The Story of Sir William Sidney,
and
Story of MISS WARNER,
by Griffith
The UNFORTUNATE WIFE,
or the History of **DESDEMONA.**

See page 214.



L O N D O N

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THE STORY OF MISS WARNER.

[GRIFFITH.]

I THINK it is now some time since I deputed you * the guardian of my literary offspring, and consign'd my first-born to your care. Your having so well acquitted yourself of that charge, certainly entitles you to all the future essays or productions of my pen. Not having travelled much in my youth, I have taken a fancy to see a little of the world before I leave it. I accordingly travelled, in the beginning of March last, to Ireland; and though I do not at present mean to give you an history of my travels, or to describe a country too little known to the inhabitants of this, I must say in general, that it is a fine and beautiful country by nature, and that, had it the advantages of commerce and culture, which we so eminently possess, it would be by no means inferior to its elder sister, Britain. The people of Ireland, I mean the gentry, or better sort, are lively and hospitable, and particularly affable to strangers: the whole nation seem to have a turn for humour, and are apt to see any thing

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that

* Both this and the preceding Story were addressed as Letters to the Editor of the Westminster Magazine.

that is truly ridiculous, in a quick and strong light. The Irish ladies have a peculiar knack of relating stories, whether grave or gay, with infinite propriety: from one of them (whose name is Taylor), at whose house I spent a fortnight most agreeably, I learned the following tale; which I here devote to the service of my fair countrywomen, as it is an additional instance to a million of others, of the perfidy and barbarity of men to those unhappy frail ones, who, forsaking the real guards of innocence and virtue, are compelled to rely on their seducer for kindness and protection.

Now to my story.—Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are both young people; he being about three-and-thirty, and she about seven-and-twenty. They have been married about five years, and have not yet had any children; yet, to my great surprise, there was a young lady, of the age of nineteen, who was called Lucy Warner, that lived in the house, who constantly addressed Mrs. Taylor by the title of mother, and behaved in every respect towards her as a dutiful and affectionate daughter. The impossibility of this relationship really subsisting between the ladies, was too obvious to admit of a doubt; and I thought it much too early for Mrs. Taylor to have given up the hopes of having children, and content herself with settling her affections on an adoption.

One morning, then, that Miss Warner was gone to pay a visit, I took the liberty of expressing my curiosity

riosity upon the subject of the connection between these ladies, to my fair hostess; who, in the most obliging manner, immediately satisfied my doubts, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words :

“ LUCY WARNER (said she) has been adopted daughter, ever since I was six years old; the circumstances that attended her birth, and occasioned my attachment to her at that early age, are so very extraordinary, that I will relate them to you.

“ My mother, then a widow, resided with me at her country seat, in the county of Roscommon. One day, a beautiful creature, not above seventeen years of age, with an infant in her arms, her hair flowing loose and wild, and, like Ophelia,

Chaunting snatches of old tunes,

As one incapable of her own distress,

came into our court-yard, where I was then at play. Though this phenomenon had all the symptoms of madness in her appearance, the sweetness of her voice and aspect prevented my being terrified, or flying from her. I gazed in silence at her, while she cast the most piteous looks alternately upon her child and me. At length, perceiving that I did not shun her, she walked up slowly to me, ‘ Sweet innocence, O save this little life!’ She held her little infant to me, and dropped upon the ground. I caught the child, and clasped it in my arms, but gave a scream at the same instant—which

alarmed the family, and brought my mother and servants to the place where I then stood.

“ The unhappy mother of my helpless charge was now in strong convulsions: she was instantly carried into the house, and every tender care applied for her recovery; but alas! they came too late. When the convulsions ceased, she fell into fainting fits, and expired, the next evening, without having had one interval of reason, sufficient to reply to any question that was asked her.

“ The tattered remnants of the cloaths she had worn, were of the best materials; her gown was silk, and her linen fine. On searching her pockets there was a prayer-book found, in a blank leaf of which was written a solemn contract of marriage, but the name of the parties totally erased; nor was there any trace to be found which could lead to a discovery of her name or connections.

“ The infant she had left did not appear to be above ten days old, and of course she must have laid-in somewhere in the neighbourhood. The day after she was buried, my mother sent her steward to the town of Roscommon, with orders to enquire at every inn and cottage where there was a possibility of her having received shelter. He found out a little wretched inn, where, upon his making enquiry, they told him, that about a fortnight before that time, a gentleman had brought a young lady there, in an open chaise, at night; that he

did

did not stay there half an hour, but took the hostess aside, when he was going away, and gave her a guinea, telling her he should return, and take away the lady before that sum was spent, strictly charging her not to let her guest know what he had said. The hostess added, that the next day the young lady seemed to expect his coming every moment, and seemed so very unhappy at his delay, that she acquainted her with what the gentleman had told her; that upon hearing it, the lady appeared more composed, though constantly in tears, and waited with seeming patience for five days. That on the sixth day, she found herself very ill, but would walk out; that she went towards the plains, or common, and from that time they had never seen her. The hostess further owned, that she believed she was with child and near her time, and that there was a small trunk belonging to the lady still in the house.

“Our servant pursued his enquiries amongst the cottagers, and at length found out the hut where this unhappy creature had been delivered. The wretched owners of it, immersed in poverty and ignorance, were utterly incapable of affording her either comfort or convenience: all they could do they did; which was to share the straw, milk, and potatoes, with her. She had not been accustomed to lye on the damp earth, or feed upon such fare. These hardships, therefore, with the despair of her mind, produced the effect above de-

scribed. On the ninth day after she was brought-to-bed, her senses left her, and snatching up her infant in her arms, she wandered wild about the plains, which are immensely large, till Providence directed her untaught steps to my mother's not inhospitable gate. There was a nurse immediately provided for my baby, as she was called in the family; she was baptized by my own dame, Lucy; and I was permitted to stand godmother to my little adoption—to whom my mother added the surname of Warner.

“Though my mother was determined never to give up Lucy into the hands of her inhuman father, she resolved if possible to expose his villany to the world. For this purpose, she wrote to every post-master thro' the kingdom of Ireland, describing the age, person, and figure of the deceased young lady, and desiring to know if such a person was missing in their several districts? In process of time she received a letter from the post-master of Lurgan, in the north, acquainting her, that about five or six weeks before the date of her letter, a gentleman who lived in that town, of the name of Stewardson, had taken a young lady from thence, who was an orphan, and his own ward, to carry her to Dublin, in order, as he said, to complete her education; that he returned home without her in about ten days; and that upon some of her friends making enquiry where she might be found, and expressing an anxiety at not hearing from her, Mr. Stewardson

ardson had disappeared; and had not since been heard of. That the young lady could not be found in Dublin, though she had been advertised in the newspapers, and the strictest search made after her. That her friends had endeavoured to trace them from their first setting out from Lurgan, and had discovered that they travelled quite across the country, but could not by any means find out in what part of the world Mr. Stewardson had left her, as he had sent back his servant when he was about twenty miles on his road. He added, that the description my mother had given of the young lady, exactly resembled her who was missing, and that all their friends supposed there was a strong attachment between him and his ward, and that he meant to marry her as soon as she came of age. From that hour to this we have never heard of the worthless wretch, Miss Warner's father; nor has he, I believe, ever returned to his country.

"I have, now, Sir (continued Mrs. Taylor) accounted to you for the peculiar kind of connection between my Lucy and me; I have only to add, that my mother bequeathed her a thousand pounds, and that, with Mr. Taylor's permission, I presented her with five hundred pounds more before my marriage; that she is perfectly good and amiable, and were she my own daughter, I think I could not love her better than I do."

Here

Here ended my fair narrator, and here also will I conclude, Mr. Editor, as I think the story admits not of any comment; for if those whom it is meant to serve, do not deduce a proper warning from it, "Neither would they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

PETER TARDY.

THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY.

[GRIFFITH.]

POETS and philosophers have universally agreed, that the country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of innocence. But this truth has been oftener pronounced as a mere *ipse dixit*, arising from choice or opinion, than as a demonstrable problem proceeding from natural causes, which necessarily produce their effect.

Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are the joint offspring of goodness and innocence; and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

This allegory can scarcely want explanation, even

to the simplest mind ; for every one will readily admit, that good sense will be less sophisticated in the calmness of rural retirement, than amidst the noise and bustle of a city, where every sober thought is hurried away by the torrent of fashion, and swallowed up in the whirlpool of giddiness and dissipation. Nor can it admit of a doubt, but that innocence will be more likely to preserve its purity where it is least liable to temptation. But if this does not sufficiently demonstrate the proposition, the following tale may serve more fully to illustrate it : for as theory without experiment is entitled to no credit in philosophy, so is precept without example of as little avail in morals.

Sir William Sidney had been married about three years to one of the most lovely and amiable women that this country or any other ever produced. They had long been the objects of each other's choice, and when united, were either the delight or envy of all who knew them.

About this era an unjust attack upon a very considerable part of his estate obliged him to defend his property by law ; and he was of course under a necessity of going to London to solicit his suit. It was impossible he could think of being separated from his beloved Julia ; she could as ill support his absence ; they, therefore, mutually agreed to quit their peaceful retirement together, and take a house in town till their affairs were finally adjusted. She brought two lovely
infants

infants with her, determined that the care of their health and education should be the principal object of her attention, and their innocent blandishments the chief source of her amusement during this excursion.

At their first coming to town, Sir William was obliged to pass much of his time with his lawyers, but always returned with a delighted heart and cheerful countenance to the happiness that awaited him in the society of an elegant and fond wife and his beautiful children.

In the course of his business, he became acquainted with an agreeable young barrister, of the name of Wilson, who was reckoned a man of parts, and uncommonly eminent in his profession; he had a pleasing person and an engaging address, with an appearance and countenance calculated to inspire confidence, even upon a slight acquaintance.

Under this fascinating masque this wretch concealed one of the vilest hearts that ever yet disgraced human nature. Upon his first introduction to Lady Sidney, he formed a plan for her seduction; but when, upon a more intimate acquaintance, he found her virtue guarded by the tenderest attachment to her husband, he changed his battery, and resolved to complete the ruin of this happy pair, by detaching Sir Williams' affections from his amiable wife.

He began by expressing his astonishment to Sir William at their mutual fondness, upon hearing they had
been

been married near four years ; talked of the charms of variety, and of the misery of confining affection to a particular object. Sir William seemed, at first, rather disgusted at this common-place conversation ; but as constant dropping wears the marble, this kind of discourse, aided by wit and raillery, at length produced its effect so far as to make Sir William cautious of expressing his tenderness for his wife or children before Mr. Wilton.

Lovers have lynxes eyes, and even this little change in her husband's manners quickly alarmed the anxious heart of Julia. Unused to disguise a thought from him, she expressed her apprehension of having unwittingly offended ; but Sir William quickly removed her delicate fears, by the tenderest assurances of his love and constancy ; but observed, that it was unfashionable in London to shew the same degree of fondness and attention towards each other which they had been used to indulge in *the country*.—"Then would to Heaven (said Julia, smiling through her tears) that I had never quitted *it* !" He kissed away the pearly drops that glistened in her eyes, and Lady Sidney's happiness and confidence returned.

Though Wilton had been originally possessed of a sufficient patrimony, which was rendered more affluent from his profession, he was at this crisis become necessitous to the last degree. His extravagance had long since dissipated the first, nor could the latter support
his

his debauched manner of living. Upon various pretences of unexpected calls for his clients, he had frequently borrowed pretty large sums from Sir William, though he was convinced that he would lose his suit, and of course be under a necessity of requiring immediate repayment.

This, however, did not deter him from proceeding in his base design; he thought he had already gained some ground in his pursuit, and he resolved to hurry his victim on even to the gulph of misery. One morning that Wilton had invited Sir William to breakfast with him at his chambers, he was surprised, on his entrance, with seeing the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, with some parchments in her hands, sitting by Wilton: she was dressed in weeds, and did not appear to be above eighteen years old. Sir William would have retired immediately; but Wilton, with an unembarrassed air, begged him to walk in, saying, he could make free with Mrs. Herbert, as she was both his cousin and his client; and hoped the baronet was not so strait-laced as to fly from a pretty woman, tho' Lady Sidney was not of the party.

The freedom of this address excited Sir William's gallantry towards the lady, who received it with the ease and politeness of a woman who had lived in the world; and the conversation became so interesting, that that the clock struck three before any of the party thought of separating.

On

On Sir William's return home, his thoughts were entirely taken up by the beauty and vivacity of the young widow. Lady Sidney was near lying-in, and happened on that day to be confined to her chamber; so he had nothing to interrupt his reverie, and continued to indulge it, till he was roused from it by Wilson calling upon him about seven in the evening. Their conversation immediately turned upon Mrs. Herbert, whom Wilson said he had dined with, and that she had never ceased talking of the happiness Lady Sidney must possess, in being blessed with such a husband:—"For (added he) I have been describing you as the paragon of conjugal constancy."

Where is the mortal proof against flattery! The unhappy Sidney became its victim, even whilst it was undermining the virtue which it seemed to praise.

During the time of Lady Sidney's confinement, Wilson took particular care that Sir William should not waste his days in solitude; he contrived perpetual parties of pleasure so artfully, as almost to make them appear the effect of accident, lest Sir William's remaining tenderness should have been alarmed at a continued scene of dissipation, and negligence towards his wife. In all these interviews, the lovely, lively widow Herbert was the principal object; and in order to apologize to Sir William for her uncharacteristic vivacity, she forged a tale of having been compelled to marry an old wretch, who used her ill when living, and dying

left her poor. This last circumstance excited the generosity of her lover, as he was now become ; he gave with profusion, and she accepted with avidity, till his circumstances became shortly so much distressed, that he was obliged to make a reform in his family, by reducing the number of his domestics, and laying down his coach.

The neglected and unhappy Lady Sidney languished away her hours in useless regret for the absence of her husband ; he seldom saw her ; he was out early and came home late ; and even at those moments when she would request to see him, even at the hazard of her rest, his short stay was marked by impatience, and his enquiries after her health expressed in such a manner as if he seemed not to desire an answer.

Too quickly she perceived the loss of her happiness in that of his love, yet did she never once attempt to make him wretched by lamenting her sufferings, or upbraiding his unkindness :—" Sir William's heart is good and generous (would she often say to herself) ; and though, by fascination, for it must be such, estranged for the present from me and my children, nature will yet recover its rights, and his affections will return to us, perhaps endeared by their temporary intermission.

Notwithstanding the sense, virtue, and resolution of her conduct, grief preyed upon her tender frame, and she fell into a consumption, which it was supposed would

would terminate her life in a few months, Sir William was not so totally lost to the feelings of humanity, as not to be affected at seeing her decline; he wished to behave with kindness towards her; but whenever he beheld her, his conscience smote him, as the cause of her sufferings, and he endeavoured to fly from her and himself into the arms of dissipation and vice. His concern for Julia was absorbed by Mrs. Herbert's gaiety; and the distress of his circumstances received temporary relief by Wilson's fertility in expedients. The loss of his law-suit, however, putting an end to the latter, he was besieged by his creditors, and their clamours rendered his home as uneasy to him as it had before become unpleasant.

The tender, the neglected Lady Sidney saw and pitied his distress, and, with a firmness which virtue alone can bestow, proposed to him what he wanted courage to require from her, the selling of her jointure, in order to accommodate his difficulties. She assured him she felt infallible signs of her approaching dissolution, and that therefore she should not need the generous provision he had made for her; but that if any thing could restore her health, it would be the transport she should feel at having it in her power to contribute to his happiness.

Sir William could not support such unmerited goodness; he threw himself at her feet, declared himself unworthy of her tenderness, and promised that his fu-

ture life should atone for his past errors. She flew into his arms, he pressed her to his heart, embraced his children, and once more experienced the sincere delight of an husband and a father.

The only difficulty now remaining was to break with the still charming Mrs. Herbert. He was resolved to part from her, but that separation should be gentle. Little did he know that Mrs. Herbert's thorough knowledge of his distressed circumstances had rendered him perfectly indifferent to her, and that she heartily wished for an opportunity to get rid of the engagement, without any seeming rupture on her part.

Fortune at that instant played one of her extraordinary gambols, and introduced a young man just arrived from India to the acquaintance of Mrs. Herbert. In the course of their conversation he told her, that a gentleman had died in the ship that brought him over, who was supposed to be worth about a million of rupees, and that he had left his whole fortune to a niece of his, who was called Lady Sidney. This intelligence instantly changed Mrs. Herbert's sentiments toward Sir William, and attached her more strongly to him than ever; she was therefore really afflicted, when he with faltering tongue and downcast eyes informed her, that he was come to take an everlasting leave of her. She burst into tears, threw herself at his feet, commended his virtue, lamented the tenderness of her attachment to him, which could end but with her life,

life, and begged, that in order to soothe her scruples, and prove that he had really loved her; he would consent to sign a promise, that if it should ever be in his power to marry her, he would do so, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds. He was at first startled at the proposal, but he still loved her, and would at that moment have fulfilled the promise she exacted, had it been in his power. Her tears and blandishments prevailed; and the infatuated baronet signed the article, which Wilson had already prepared.

Her point so far gained, this artful woman and her vile accomplice, Wilson, were impatient for the total accomplishment of their designs, by hastening Lady Sidney's death. They provided a poisonous drug for her, which Wilson undertook to persuade Sir William was almost a panacea in consumptions, and begged of him to prevail upon his wife to take it. The unsuspecting husband fell easily into the snare, and the draught was accordingly prepared for the innocent Julia.

But Providence would not suffer their wicked designs to succeed:—Mrs. Herbert's maid had overheard the infernal accomplices discoursing of the deed, and seen them mix the deadly potion; and being struck with remorse, flew to Sir William Sidney's house, and revealed the dreadful secret to Lady Sidney's woman. That faithful creature trembled at the horrid tale, and when her Lady called for the supposed medicine, re-

fused to deliver it into her hands, and acquainted her with what she had just heard.

The terrified Julia too easily conceived that her husband must be an accomplice in this crime, else wherefore should Mrs. Herbert or Wilson wish her death? "If it be so (said she to her maid), Maria, I have no wish to live, and will obey my fate. The bane of life is an antidote to all its ills; and, oh! I charge you, by all you hold most sacred, never to reveal this fatal secret, nor let my cruel husband suffer for his crimes to me, more than his conscience shall inflict upon him. Now bring my children to me; let me embrace and clasp them to my dying bosom, and recommend them with my parting breath to the protecting care of heaven. Alas! they soon will have no earthly friend;—they have no father! or sure he would not wish to rob them of a mother's fostering care."

The painful parting with her children past, she forced the poison from her weeping maid, and raising up her eyes to heaven, implored forgiveness for her cruel husband, and blessings on her children; then bent her lips to meet the fatal draught, which she was sure would give her endless peace.

At that instant Sir William, pale, frantic, and almost breathless, rushed into the chamber; he snatched the envenomed drug from her weak hand, and dashed it to the ground.—"Oh, have I saved you!" he exclaimed, and sunk upon the bed beside her.

When

When his returning sense would give him leave, he prostrated himself upon the earth, and returned thanks to heaven for having been the instrument of his beloved wife's preservation.

Returning home he had met Mrs. Herbert's maid, who had acquainted him with the horrid particulars already related, and he had flown to save his Julia. When reconciled to her, his next emotion was that of just resentment. He sent for an officer of justice to seize Mrs. Herbert and Wilton, but their guilty souls had taken the alarm at her maid's long absence, and they were both fled. Wilton was some years after broke upon the wheel for a murder at Paris; and his fair, but wicked associate died in a premature old age of want and misery.

Sir William, now entirely cured of his delirium, after receiving his Indian legacy, and settling his affairs, returned with his amiable wife into the country; where peace and affluence soon restored her health; and where they still continue, in the midst of their lovely family, living proofs of the maxim first laid down, "That the country is the native soil of happiness; as being the scene and nurse of innocence."

LIFE OF LADY JANE GRAY.

[GOLDSMITH.]

UPON the death of Edward VI. two candidates put in their prentensions to the crown. Mary, Henry's daughter by Catherine of Arragon, relying on the justice of her cause; and Lady Jane Gray, being nominated in the late young king's will, and upon the support of the duke of Northumberland, her father-in-law. Mary was strongly bigotted to the popish superstitions, having been bred up among churchmen, and having been taught to prefer martyrdom to a denial of belief. As she had lived in continual restraint, she was reserved and gloomy; she had, even during the life of her father, the resolution to maintain her sentiments, and refused to comply with his new institutions. Her zeal had rendered her furious; and she was not only blindly attached to her religious opinions, but even to the popish clergy who maintained them. On the other hand, Jane Gray was strongly attached to the reformers; and though yet but sixteen, her judgment had attained to such a degree of maturity, as few have been found to possess. All historians agree that the solidity of her understanding, improved by continual application, rendered her the wonder of her age. Jane, who was in a great measure ignorant of all the transactions

transactions in her favour, was struck with equal grief and surprise when she received intelligence of them. She shed a flood of tears, appeared inconsolable, and was not without the utmost difficulty that she yielded to the entreaties of Northumberland and the duke her father. Orders were also given for proclaiming her throughout the kingdom; but these were but very remissly obeyed. When she was proclaimed in the city, the people heard her accession made public without any signs of pleasure, no applause ensued, and some even expressed their scorn and contempt.

In the mean time Mary, who had retired, upon the news of the king's death, to Kenning Hall in Norfolk, sent circular letters to all the great towns and nobility in the kingdom, reminding them of her right, and commanding them to proclaim her without delay.

Her claims soon became irresistible; in a little time she found herself at the head of forty thousand men; while the few who attended Northumberland continued irresolute; and he even feared to lead them to the encounter.

Lady Jane, thus finding that all was lost, resigned her royalty, which she had held but ten days, with marks of real satisfaction, and retired with her mother to their own habitation. Northumberland also, who found his affairs desperate, and that it was impossible to stem the tide of popular opposition, attempted to quit the kingdom; but he was prevented by the band

of

of pensioner guards, who informed him that he must stay to justify their conduct in being led out against their lawful sovereign. Thus circumvented on all sides, he delivered himself up to Mary, and was soon after executed in a summary way. Sentence was also pronounced against Lady Jane and Lord Guildford, but without any intention for the present of putting it in execution.

Mary now entered London, and with very little effusion of blood, saw herself joyfully proclaimed, and peaceably settled on the throne. This was a flattering prospect, but soon this pleasing phantom was dissolved. Mary was morose, and a bigot; she was resolved to give back their former power to the clergy; and thus once more to involve the kingdom in all the horrors it had just emerged from. Gardiner, Tonstal, Day, Heath, and Vesey, who had been confined, or suffered losses for their Catholic opinions, during the late reigns, were taken from prison, reinstated in their sees, and their former sentences repealed.

A parliament, which the queen called soon after, seemed willing to concur in all her measures; they at one blow repealed all the statutes with regard to religion, which had passed during the reign of her predecessors: so that the national religion was again placed on the same footing on which it stood at the death of Henry VIII.

While religion was thus turning to its primitive abuses,

abuses, the queen's minister's, who were willing to strengthen her power by a Catholic alliance, had been for some time looking for a proper consort: they pitched upon Philip, prince of Spain, and son to the celebrated Charles V. In order to avoid as much as possible, any disagreeable remonstrances from the people, the articles of marriage were drawn as favourable as possible to the interest and honour of England, and this in some measure stilled the clamours that had already been begun against it.

The discontents of the people rose to such a pitch that an insurrection, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, succeeded; but Wyatt being made prisoner, was condemned and executed, with some of his adherents.

But what excited the compassion of the people most of all, was the execution of Lady Jane Gray, and her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, who were involved in the punishment, though not in the guilt, of this insurrection. Two days after Wyatt was apprehended, Lady Jane and her husband were ordered to prepare for death. Lady Jane, who had long before seen the threatening blow, was no way surprised at the message, but bore it with heroic resolution; and being informed that she had three days to prepare, she seemed displeased at so long a delay. On the day of her execution her husband desired permission to see her; but this she refused, as she knew the parting would be too tender for fortitude to withstand. The place at first designed
for

for their execution was without the Tower; but their youth, beauty, and innocence being likely to raise an insurrection among the people, orders were given that they should be executed within the verge of the Tower. Lord Dudley was the first who suffered: and while the Lady Jane was conducting to the place of execution, the officers of the Tower met her, bearing along the headless body of her husband streaming with blood, in order to be interred in the Tower chapel. She looked on the corpse for some time without any emotion; and then with a sigh, desired them to proceed. On the scaffold she made a speech, in which having alledged that her offence was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she had less erred through ambition than filial obedience, and she willingly accepted death as the only atonement she could make to the injured state; and was ready by her punishment to shew, that innocence is no plea in excuse for deeds that tend to injure the community. After speaking to this effect, she caused herself to be disrobed by her woman, and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted to the executioner, in the 17th year of her age.

LIFE

LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[GOLDSMITH.]

MARY Queen of Scots was born December 8th 1542, was the daughter of James V. King of Scots, by Mary Lorraine his second queen and dowager of Longueville; she was just eight years old when her father died;—at 23 years of age she married her cousin Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley son and heir of Matthew Earl of Lenox: by this husband she had one son, James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.

Mary having been dazzled by the pleasing exterior of her new lover; had entirely forgot to look to the accomplishments of his mind. Darnley was but a weak and ignorant man; violent, yet variable in his enterprises; insolent, yet credulous, and easily governed by flatterers. She soon, therefore, began to convert her admiration into disgust: and Darnley, enraged at her increasing coldness, pointed his vengeance against every person he supposed the cause of this sudden change in her sentiments and behaviour.

There was then in the court one David Rizzio, the son of a musician at Turin, himself a musician, whom Mary took into her confidence. She consulted him on

all occasions; no favours could be obtained but by his intercession, and all suitors were first obliged to gain Rizzio to their interests, by presents or by flattery. It was easy to persuade a man of Darnley's jealous uxurious temper that Rizzio was the person who had estranged the queen's affections from him; and a surmise once conceived became to him a certainty. He soon, therefore consulted with some lords, of his party, who accompanying him into the queen's apartment, where Rizzio then was, they dragged him into the anti-chamber, where he was dispatched with fifty-six wounds; the unhappy princess continuing her lamentations, while they were perpetrating their horrid intent. Being informed, however, of his fate, Mary at once dried her tears, and said she would weep no more for she would now think of revenge.

She therefore concealed her resentment, and so far imposed upon Darnley, her husband, that he put himself under her protection, and soon after attended her to Edinburgh, where he was told the place would be favourable to his declining health. Mary lived in the palace of Holyrood-house; but as the situation of that place was low, and the concourse of persons about the court necessarily attended with noise, which might disturb him in his present infirm state, she fitted up an apartment for him in a solitary house at some distance, called the Kirk of Field. Mary there gave him marks of kindness and attachment; she conversed cordially with
with

with him, and she lay some nights in a room under him. It was on the ninth of February that she told him she would pass that night in the palace, because the marriage of one of her servants was to be there celebrated in her presence. But dreadful consequences ensued. About two o'clock in the morning the whole city was much alarmed at hearing a great noise; the house in which Darnley lay was blown up with gunpowder. His dead body was found at some distance in a neighbouring field, but without any marks of violence or contusion. No doubt could be entertained but that Darnley was murdered; and the general suspicion fell upon Bothwell, a person lately taken into Mary's favour, as the perpetrator.

One crime led on to another; Bothwell, though accused of being stained with the husband's blood, though universally odious to the people, had the confidence, while Mary was on her way to Stirling, on a visit to her son, to seize her at the head of a body of eight hundred horse, and to carry her to Dunbar, where he forced her to yield to his purposes. It was then thought by the people that the measure of his crimes was complete; and that he who was supposed to kill the queen's husband, and to have offered violence to her person, could expect no mercy; but they were astonished upon finding, instead of disgrace, that Bothwell was taken into more than former favour; and to crown all, that

he was married to Mary, having divorced his own wife to procure this union.

This was a fatal alliance to Mary; and the people were now wound up by the complication of her guilt, to pay very little deference to her authority. An association was formed that took Mary prisoner, and sent her into confinement to the castle of Lochleven, situated in a lake of that name, where she suffered all the severities of an unkind keeper, and an upbraiding conscience, with a feeling heart.

The calamities of the great, even though justly deserved, seldom fail of creating pity, and procuring friends. Mary, by her charms and promises, had engaged a young gentleman, whose name was George Douglas, to assist her in escaping from the place where she was confined; and this he effected, by conveying her in disguise in a small boat rowed by himself a-shore. It was now that the news of her enlargement being spread abroad, all the loyalty of the people seemed to revive once more, and in a few days she saw herself at the head of six thousand men.

A battle was fought at Langside, near Glasgow, which was entirely decisive against her, and now being totally ruined, she fled southwards from the field of battle with great precipitation, and came with a few attendants to the borders of England, where she hoped for protection from Elizabeth, who, instead of protecting

testing, ordered her to be put in confinement, yet treated her with all proper marks of respect.

She was accordingly sent to Tutbury castle, in the county of Stafford, and put under the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury; where she had hopes given her of one day coming into favour, and that unless her own obstinacy prevented, an accommodation might at last take place.

The Duke of Norfolk was the only peer who enjoyed that highest title of nobility in England; and the qualities of his mind corresponded to his high station. Beneficent, affable, and generous, he had acquired the affections of the people; and yet, from his moderation, he had never alarmed the jealousy of the sovereign. He was at this time a widower, and being of a suitable age to espouse the queen of Scots, her own attractions, as well as his interests, made him desirous of the match. Elizabeth, however, dreaded such an union, and the duke was soon after made prisoner and sent to the Tower. Upon his release from thence, new projects were set on foot by the enemies of the queen and the reformed religion, secretly fomented by Rodolphi, an instrument of the court of Rome, and the bishop of Ross, Mary's minister in England. It was concerted by them, that Norfolk should renew his designs upon Mary, and raise her to the throne, to which it is probable he was prompted by passion as well as interest; and this nobleman entering into their

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schemes,

schemes, he from being at first only ambitious, now became criminal. His servants were brought to make a full confession of their master's guilt; and the bishop of Ross soon after, finding the whole discovered, did not scruple to confirm their testimony. The duke was instantly committed to the Tower, and ordered to prepare for his trial. A jury of twenty-five peers unanimously passed sentence upon him; and the queen, four months after, reluctantly signed the warrant for his execution. He died with great calmness and constancy, and though he cleared himself of any disloyal intentions against the queen's authority, he acknowledged the justice of the sentence by which he suffered.

These conspiracies served to prepare the way for Mary's ruin, whose greatest misfortunes proceeded rather from the violence of her friends, than the malignity of her enemies. Elizabeth's ministers had long been waiting for some signal instance of the captive queen's enmity, which they could easily convert into treason; and this was not long wanting. About this time one John Ballard, a popish priest, who had been bred in the English seminary at Rheims, resolved to compass the death of the queen, whom he considered as the enemy of his religion; and with that gloomy resolution came over to England in the disguise of a soldier, with the assumed name of Captain Fortescue. He bent his endeavours to bring about at once the project of an assassination, an insurrection, and an invasion,

vasion. The first person he addressed himself to was Anthony Babington, of Dethick, in the county of Derby a young gentleman of good family, and possessed of a very plentiful fortune. This person had long been remarkable for his zeal in the Catholic cause, and in particular for his attachment to the captive queen. He therefore came readily into the plot, and procured the concurrence and assistance of some other associates in this dangerous undertaking. The next step was to apprise Mary of the conspiracy formed in her favour, and this they effected by conveying their letters to her by means of a brewer who supplied the family with ale, through a chink in the wall of her apartment. In these Babington informed her of a design laid for a foreign invasion, the plan of an insurrection at home, the scheme for her delivery, and the conspiracy for assassinating the usurper by six noble gentlemen, as he termed them, all of them his private friends, who, from the zeal which they bore the Catholic cause, and her majesty's service, would undertake the tragical execution. To these Mary replied, that she approved highly of the design; that the gentlemen might expect all the rewards which it might ever be in her power to confer; and that the death of Elizabeth was a necessary circumstance, previous to any further attempts, either for her delivery, or the intended insurrection.

The plot being thus ripe for execution, and the evidence against the conspirators incontestible, Walsingham,

ham, who was privately informed of all, resolved to suspend their punishment no longer. A warrant was accordingly issued out for the apprehending of Babington and the rest of the conspirators, who covered themselves with various disguises, and endeavoured to keep themselves concealed. But they were soon discovered, thrown into prison, and brought to trial. In their examination they contradicted each other, and the leaders were obliged to make a full confession of the truth. Fourteen were condemned and executed, seven of whom died acknowledging their crime.

The execution of these wretched men only prepared the way for one of still greater importance, in which a captive queen was to submit to the unjust decisions of those who had no right, but that of power, to condemn her.

Accordingly a commission was issued to forty peers, with five judges, or the major part of them, to try and pass sentence upon Mary, daughter and heir of James the Fifth, king of Scotland, commonly called queen of Scots, and dowager of France.

Thirty-six of these commissioners arriving at the castle of Fotheringay, presented her with a letter from Elizabeth, commanding her to submit to a trial, for her late conspiracy. The principal charge against her was urged by Serjeant Gaudy, who accused her with knowing, approving, and consenting to Babington's conspiracy. This charge was supported by Babington's confession,

confession, and by the copies which were taken of their correspondence, in which her approbation of the queen's murder was expressly declared.

Whatever might have been this queen's offences, it is certain that her treatment was very severe. She desired to be put in possession of such notes as she had taken preparative to her trial; but this was refused her. She demanded a copy of her protest; but her request was not complied with: she even required an advocate to plead her cause against so many learned lawyers, as had undertaken to urge her accusations, but all her demands were rejected; and, after an adjournment of some days, sentence of death was pronounced against her in the Star-chamber in Westminster, all the commissioners except two being present.

Whether Elizabeth was really sincere in her apparent reluctance to execute Mary, is a question which, though usually given against her, I will not take upon me to determine. Certainly there were great arts used by her courtiers to determine her to the side of severity; as they had every thing to fear from the resentment of Mary, in case she ever succeeded to the throne. Accordingly, the kingdom was now filled with rumours of plots, treasons, and insurrections; and the queen was continually kept in alarm by fictitious dangers. She, therefore, appeared to be in great terror and perplexity, she was observed to sit much alone, and to mutter to herself half sentences, importing the difficulty and distress

treasures to which she was reduced. In this situation, she one day called her secretary, Davison, whom she ordered to draw out secretly the warrant for Mary's execution, informing him, that she intended to keep it by her in case any attempt should be made for the delivery of that princess. She signed the warrant, and then commanded it to be carried to the chancellor to have the seal affixed to it. Next morning, however, she sent two gentlemen successively to desire that Davison would not go to the chancellor, until she should see him; but Davison telling her that the warrant had been already sealed, she seemed displeased at his precipitation. Davison, who probably wished himself to see the sentence executed, laid the affair before the council, who unanimously resolved, that the warrant should be immediately put in execution, and promised to justify Davison to the queen. Accordingly, the fatal instrument was delivered to Beale, who summoned the noblemen to whom it was directed, namely, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, Kent, and Cumberland, and these together set out for Fotheringay castle, accompanied by two executioners to dispatch their bloody commission.

Mary heard of the arrival of her executioners, who ordered her to prepare for death by eight o'clock the next morning.

Early on the fatal morning she dressed herself in a rich habit of silk and velvet, the only one which she
had

had reserved for this solemn occasion. Thomas Andrews, the under-sheriff of the county, then entering the room, he informed her that the hour was come, and that he must attend her to the place of execution. She replied, that she was ready; and bidding her servants farewell, she proceeded, supported by two of her guards, and followed the sheriff with a serene composed aspect, with a long veil of linen on her head, and in her hand a crucifix of ivory.

She then passed into another hall, the nobleman and the sheriff going before, and Melvil, her maller of the household, bearing up her train; where was a scaffold erected and covered with black. As soon as she was seated, Beale began to read the warrant for her execution. Then Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, standing without the rails, repeated a long exhortation, which she desired him to forbear, as she was firmly resolved to die in the Catholic religion. The room was crowded with spectators, who beheld her with pity and distress, while her beauty, though dimmed by age and affliction, gleamed through her sufferings, and was still remarkable in this fatal moment. The two executioners kneeling, and asking her pardon, she said she forgave them, and all the authors of her death, as freely as she hoped forgiveness from her Maker, and then once more made a solemn protestation of her innocence. Her eyes were then covered with a linen handkerchief; and she laid herself down without any fear or trepidation,

tion. Then reciting a psalm, and repeating a pious ejaculation, her head was severed from her body, at two strokes by the executioner. In contemplating the contentions of mankind, we find almost ever both sides culpable; Mary, who was stained with crimes that deserved punishment, was put to death by a princess who had no just pretensions to inflict punishment on her equal.

THE UNFORTUNATE WIFE;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF DESDEMONA.

[SPECTATOR.]

MY mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have often been told, that I am handsome; and I have some reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity, or conferring happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a man of sense;
and

and, to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him : he derived new dignity, not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies : and those whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conquests. His company, therefore was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain ; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them ; and, in proportion as were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation ; I hoped that upon *understanding* I should be able to engraft *virtue* : I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends ; and after a few months courtship I became his wife.

During a short time, all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite : present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future ; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance ; I appropriated every luxurious description of happy lovers ; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency ; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous

extacy of love, for the calm, rational and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would encrease by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine; yet his visits abroad, in which I was not a party, became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind.

I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome; my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to chearfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario, in solitude and tears.

But my distress still encreased. and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased

to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals. Thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill-nature; against the *brutes* and the *fullens*, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned

by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre, to single him out, make some advances, and if possible bring on an assignation, where, in the ardour of his first address, I might strike him with astonishment by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection the calm dignity of my injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with these images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another, by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore, be brought into the most slavish subjection, without insuring the secrecy of which my dependence would be the price. I therefore resolved, at whatever risk of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should chuse myself.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I therefore wrapped myself up in an undress, and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came
down,

down, and as soon as he had turned into St. James's-street which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and to stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the windows, and after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, I stopped at the end of Tavistock-street. I looked hastily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse, of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying on the counter, which I supposed had been brought out for Hilario's choice; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether it was hired, and learned with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who was just gone.

Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable; for if he had cho-

sen a domino, my scheme should have been rendered impracticable, because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop, which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor promise much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving word that I would call again.

When I got into the street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit where Hilario would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself; I therefore took another coach at the end of Southampton-street, and went to a shop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchased a capuchin and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired though not in so public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedness.

During the interval between my return, and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I
looked

looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped: but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him.

In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an appearance of vexation and disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him; and, therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelt with my fingers the words "I understand."

At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my art; but I reflected that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a very short conversation, which he seemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assigna-
tion

tion was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-garden.

During this journey my mind was in great agitation ; and it is difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario : I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would address him, and exulted in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.

He was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry, and eagerly seizing my hand, led me up stairs. As soon as we entered the room he shut the door, and, taking off his mask, ran to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment—but at this moment I discovered, with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was alone in a brothel, was not Hilario, but a wretch whom I well remembered to have seen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

At this sight, so unexpected, and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy chair that stood by the bed-side. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, precipitately tore off my mask to give me air.

At the first view of my face, he started back, and
gazed.

gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment encreased; for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue with whatever lady happened to be in the next room, and, either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him; but at the very next step, stood fixed in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us.

After a moment's recollection, he came up to me, and, dragging me to the candle, gazed stedfastly in my face, with a look so frightful as never to be forgotten: it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile: his lips quivered; and he told me, in a voice scarce articulate, that, tho' I might well be alarmed at having stumbled on an acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could trust, yet I should not have screamed so loud.

After this insult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume; and, bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, he would leave me to his care. Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated in my distress: Caprinus, however, soon
appeared

appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake. He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband ; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended : while he lamented my distress and disappointment, therefore, he pressed my hand with great ardour, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love ; and to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To such an address in such circumstances, what could I reply ? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, I adjured him to tell me how he had procured his habit and whether it had not been hired for Hilario. He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it : “ I hired it (said he) myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock-street ; but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the subject of much confusion and dispute. When I made my agreement, the master was absent ; and the servant neglecting to acquaint him with it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of the servant, made the same agreement with another ; but I know not with whom ; and it was with

great

great difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his claim, after he had been convinced of the mistake."

I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had been taken; and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to perceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not; but he desisted from further protestations and importunity, and at my earnest request procured me a chair and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a short interval I should add to the dignity of an untainted reputation, the felicity of conjugal endearments.

I returned disappointed and degraded: detected in all the circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts I once more entered my dressing-room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and in less than an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early

Early in the morning I sent a sealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidant even of my woman. It contained only a pressing intreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him. —To him, therefore, I went, not as a judge but a criminal; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and at this moment I would have given the world to have been restored to that state, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation, which yet he laboured to conceal. I therefore hastened to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit. This threw him into a new fit of jealousy, and starting from his seat, “What (said he), have you paid for this intelligence? Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of another, solicit for himself? Here he paused for my reply; and, as I could not deny the fact, I was silent: my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion returned with yet greater violence. “I know (said he) that Caprinus related this incident,

incident, only that you might be enabled to impose upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished upon others : but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy which you have brought upon my name."

With this injurious reproach he would have left me ; but I caught hold of him, and entreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was immediately after him, and enquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me, in a peremptory tone, whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired. As I was struck with the suddenness and design of the question, I had not the fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny.

Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices ; and told me with a sneer of insupportable contempt and derision, that he, who had so kindly directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor, not to acquaint them what testimony they were to give.

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom ; and, if possible, preserve that character abroad which I had lost at home. But this

I soon found to be a vain attempt : it was immediately whispered, as a secret, that Hilario, who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had at length traced me from the masquerade to a bagnio, and surprised me with a fellow. It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny ; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they called nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed.

I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous : if I went abroad I was pointed out with a whisper and a nod ; and if I staid at home I saw no face but my servant's. Those whose levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball.

But this was not the worst. Every libertine, whose fortune authorised the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery : they dared to hope I should accept their proposal, by directing to A. B. who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and with not scruple to run my husband through the body,
who

who now, indeed, thought himself authorised to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to obtain me a separate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

THE DERVISE.

[SPECTATOR.]

A DERVISE, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravanfary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravanfary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a cara-

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vanfary

vanfary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravanfery? Sir, says the Dervise, give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The king replied, His ancestors. And who, says the Dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, His father. And who is it, says the Dervise, that lodges here at present? The king told him, That it was he himself. And who says the Dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, The young prince his son. 'Ah, Sir,' said the Dervise, 'a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravanfary.'

ON READING WORKS OF TASTE.

[ENFIELD.]

READING can be considered as a mere amusement, only by the most vulgar, or the most frivolous part of mankind. Every one, whom natural good-sense and a liberal education have qualified to form a judgement upon the subject, will acknowledge that

that it is capable of being applied to an endless variety of useful purposes. This is, indeed, sufficiently evident, without any studied proof, from the nature of the thing. For, what is reading, but a method of conferring with men who in every age have been most distinguished by their genius and learning, of becoming acquainted with the result of their mature reflections, and of contemplating at leisure the finished productions of their inventive powers? From such an intercourse, conducted with a moderate share of caution and judgment, it must be impossible not to derive innumerable advantages.

The principal uses of reading may, perhaps not improperly, be referred to two objects, the improvement of the understanding, and the exercise of the imagination: whence books may be distinguished by two leading characters, *Instructive* and *Interesting*; and will be divided into two classes, *Works of Knowledge*, and *Works of Taste*.

Between the two kinds of reading, which books, thus classed, afford, there is one characteristic difference. In works which are merely intended to communicate knowledge, writing is made use of only as a vehicle of instruction; and therefore nothing further is necessary, or perhaps desirable, than that they should express the facts, or truths, which they are intended to teach, with perfect perspicuity of conception, arrangement and diction. But in works of taste, the writing

itself becomes a principal object of attention, as a representation of nature, more or less accurate according to the powers, which the writer possesses, of expressing in language the conceptions of his own imagination. This representation cannot, indeed, be called an imitation of nature, in the same strict and literal sense in which the term is applied to a picture; because words are not natural copies, but arbitrary signs of things: but it produces an effect upon the imagination and feelings of the reader, similar to that which is produced by the art of painting. It was doubtless for this reason, that Aristotle defined poetry an imitative art.

These circumstances render the reading of works of taste a subject of disquisition, or of precept, not less extensive than that of writings intended for the communication of knowledge; and, on account of its influence upon the state of the mind, it may perhaps be justly asserted to be not less important. It is the design of this Essay, briefly to represent the benefits which are to be expected from this kind of reading; and to suggest certain rules for conducting it in the most advantageous manner.

The agreeable employment which reading works of taste affords the active faculties of the mind, is its first and most obvious effect.

The productions of genius, whether written in the narrative, descriptive, or dramatic form, agree in the general character, of presenting before the mind of the
reader

reader certain objects which awaken his attention, exercise his fancy, and interest his feelings. Those scenes in nature, which, from causes which it is the business of philosophy to explore, are adapted to excite in the spectator agreeable perceptions and emotions, may, by the aid of language, be exhibited in colours, less vivid indeed than those of nature, but sufficiently bright, to make a strong impression upon the imagination. A similar effect will be produced by the representation of human characters and actions, but with a superior degree of force, on account of the superiority of animated, to inanimate nature, and on account of the peculiar interest, which men naturally take in whatever concerns their own species. These are rich and spacious fields, from which genius may collect materials for its various productions, without hazard of exhausting their treasures. The ancients, numerous as their works of fancy are, were capable of enriching them with an endless variety of imagery, sentiment and language. That strict adherence to nature, which good-sense, and correct taste obliged them to observe, produced indeed such a general resemblance, as must always be found among disciples of the same school; and sometimes we find them copying, with too much servility, the works of other artists. But there were few among them, who were not able to collect, from the common magazine of nature, stores before unnoticed, and to adorn their works, not only with new decorations

decorations of language, but with original conceptions. And, notwithstanding the complaint of indolence and dulness, that the topics of description, and even of fiction are exhausted ; genius still sometimes asserts her claims, and proves that the variety of her productions, like that of the operations of nature, is without limit.

Hence, they who are conversant with works of genius and taste, find a variety in their sources of entertainment, in some measure proportioned to the extent of their acquaintance with languages. The industrious scholar, who has, with many a weary step, so far won his way through the rugged path of grammatical studies, as to have acquired a competent knowledge of the ancient Greek and Roman languages, is arrived at a fertile and well-cultivated plain, every where adorned with the fairest flowers, and enriched with the choicest fruits.

The writings of the ancients abound with excellent productions in every interesting kind of composition. There is no pleasing affection of the mind, which may not, in these invaluable remains of antiquity, find ample scope for gratification. The Epic Muse, whether she appears in the majestic simplicity of Homer, or in the finished elegance of Virgil, presents before the delighted imagination an endless variety of grand and beautiful objects, interesting actions, and characters strongly marked, which it is impossible to contemplate without a perpetual succession of agreeable emotions.

Tragedy

Tragedy, whether she rages with *Æschylus*, or weeps with *Sophocles*, or moralizes with *Euripides*, never ceases to wear a dignified and interelling aspect. Comedy, in the natural and easy dress, in which, after the best Greek models, she is clothed by *Terence*, can never fail to please. Lyric poetry, whilst it rolls on, like an impetuous torrent, in the lofty strains, and the wild and varied numbers of *Pindar*, or flows in a placid and transparent stream along the channel of *Horatian* verse, or glides briskly through the bowers of love and joy in the sportive lays of *Anacreon*, by turns astonishes, soothes, and delights. Elegy, through the soft and plaintive notes of *Bion* or *Tibullus*, melts the soul in pleasing sympathy : whilst pastoral song, in the artless notes of *Theocritus*, or in the sweet melody of the *Mantuan* pipe, plays gently about the fancy and the heart. Satire, in the mean time, provides entertainment for those who are disposed to laugh at folly, or indulge an honest indignation against vice, in the smile of *Horace*, the grin of *Lucian*, and the frown of *Juvenal*. So rich and various are the treasures, with which the Greek and Roman writers furnish those, who have enjoyed the advantage of a classical education.

But, without having recourse to the ancients, it is possible to find in modern languages valuable specimens of every species of polite literature. The English language, in particular, abounds with writings addressed to the imagination and feelings, and calculated for the improve-

improvement of taste. No one, who is not so far blinded by prejudice in favour of antiquity as to be incapable of relishing any thing modern, can doubt, that excellent examples of every kind of literary merit are to be found among the British writers. The inventive powers of Shakespear, the sublime conceptions of Milton, the versatile genius of Dryden, the wit of Butler, the easy gaiety of Prior, the strength and harmony of Pope, the descriptive powers of Thomson, the delicate humour of Addison, the pathetic simplicity of Sterne, and the finished correctness of Gray, might, with some degree of confidence, be respectively brought into comparison with any examples of similar excellence among the ancients.

For minds capable of the pleasures of imagination and sentiment, such writings as these provide a kind of entertainment, which is in its nature elegant and refined, and which admits of endless diversity. By exhibiting images industriously collected and judiciously disposed, they produce impressions upon the reader's fancy, scarcely less vivid, than those which would result from the actual contemplation of natural objects. By combining incidents and characters of various kinds, and representing them as associated in new and interesting relations, they keep curiosity perpetually awake, and touch in succession every affection and passion of the heart. Whatever is grand or beautiful in nature; whatever is noble, lovely, or singular in character; whatever

whatever is surprising or affecting in situation, is by the magic power of genius brought at pleasure into view, in the manner best adapted to excite correspondent emotions. A rich field of elegant pleasure is hereby laid open before the reader who is possessed of a true taste for polite literature, which distinguishes him from the vulgar, at least as much as the man who enjoys an affluent fortune is distinguished by the luxuries of his table.

Besides the immediate gratification which this kind of reading affords, it is attended with several collateral advantages, which are perhaps of equal value. The exercise, which it gives to the imagination and feelings improves the vigour and sensibility of the mind. It is the natural tendency of an intimate acquaintance with images of grandeur, beauty and excellence, as they are exhibited in works of taste, to produce a general habit of dignity and elegance, which will seldom fail to tincture a man's general character, and diffuse a graceful air over his whole conversation and manners. It is not unreasonable even to expect, that they who are habitually conversant with beautiful forms in nature and art, and are frequently employed in contemplating excellent characters in the pages of history and fiction, will learn to admire whatever is noble, or becoming, in conduct.

To all this must be added, as a material consideration in favour of the study of polite literature, that it affords

an agreeable and useful exercise of the judgment, in determining the degree of merit in literary productions ; an exercise which tends to improve the taste, and to form a habit of correct and elegant expression, both in conversation and writing.



END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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